THE TIMES

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT
77th Year

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Power and the Pax Romana

By P. A. Brunt

EDWARD N. LUTTWAK:
The Grand Strategy of the Roman Empire
From the First Century AD to the Third
255pp. Johns Hopkins University Press. £9.70.

In the last two centuries before Christ, Rome, already mistress of Italy, extended her dominion over the whole Mediterranean basin, and then in the north to the Channel, Rhine and Danube. This dominion included not only provinces under direct administration but also "free" cities, kingdoms and tribes which owed her allegiance; Augustus regarded such client states as parts of the empire; their actual annexation cannot then be regarded as imperial expansion. Romans claimed that their city was divinely destined to rule the world, or boasted that it did actually rule the world, conceived in a more limited sense and consisting only of those states and nations with which she had dealings. They found it easy to justify wars against neighbouring peoples which did not duly recognize their authority and whose very independence seemed to constitute a threat to the security of the lands under their government or protection. As late as AD 6 Augustus still hoped to subdue Bohemia, and Germar at least as far as the Elbe. Great revolts then led him to abandon his plans of expansion.

From that time Rome was normally content to preserve the security of her existing dominion. There were only rare departures from this aim: Claudius's only attested motive for invading Britain is his desire for the glory of extending Roman rule beyond the Ocean, and Trajan's annexation of Dacia (Romania), and his would-be conquests in the east, may betoken a revival of aggressive imperialism. But to some extent Trajan too may have been seeking to establish more scientific frontiers: certainly other imperial extensions of Roman territory can be so explained. Edward N. Luttwak's remarkable book is a study of Roman strategy in the period when Rome's strategy was essentially defensive.

The author is, to quote J. F. Gilliam's foreword, "a specialist in strategic analysis and contemporary international relations". His own preface explains why the work was written. He is dissatisfied with Clausewitzian notions "of the primacy and desirability of offensive warfare in pursuit of decisive results", which "imply a sharp distinction between the state of peace and the state of war". But now, "we, like the Romans, face the prospect not of decisive conflict, but of a permanent state of war, albeit limited. We, like the Romans, must actively protect an advanced society against a variety of threats rather than concentrate on destroying the forces of our enemies in battle".

An appendix makes a sharp distinction between power and force, which is of primary significance for his analysis of changing Roman strategy. Force is "consumed in application", and "military force is governed by constraints on accumulation, use, transmission, and dispersion akin to the physical laws that condition mechanical force", whereas power

> works not by causing effects directly, but by eliciting responses —if all goes well, the *desired* responses. The powerful issue an order, and those subject to their power obey and carry out the required action themselves. One, two, or a thousand prisoners of war who walk to their place of internment in response to an order that they choose to obey do not *consume* the power to which their obedience is a response; in contrast the physical removal of fifty demonstrators requires much less force than the removal of fifty thousand.

A strategy that relies on power rather than on force is thus far more economical of limited resources.

Now the resources of the Roman empire were certainly limited. Edward Luttwak writes of a "chronic shortage of manpower". That might be doubted. In Augustus's time the number of men under arms probably exceeded 300,000, far more than the Republic had maintained. Perhaps he fixed it so high to carry out his programme of expansion. But the subsequent adoption of a defensive posture did not produce any economy of manpower. On the contrary, the size of the army was greater in the second century AD, and rose further after the crisis of the third to a nominal strength of over 600,000.

Now Augustus, it is true, could not enlist sufficient Italians except by resorting to conscription on a scale that appeared politically undesirable. Hence, in his reign more than half the soldiers were already provincials. By the second century the armies were recruited almost entirely in or near the regions where they were permanently stationed. This made it easier to attract volunteers, who doubtless made better fighting material; men were readier to enlist for twenty-five years' service if they were not so likely to be separated from their homes and kin. In the last period of the western empire the government had to rely to a significant extent on barbarian mercenaries, but perhaps this reflects a decline in the fighting spirit of Rome's subjects, which itself needs explanation that cannot be attempted here.

However, although before the fourth century sufficient recruits for the army could readily be found, they were largely taken out of productive employment, and had to be paid and supplied from the resources of an economy which by modern standards was underdeveloped. Already in the late first century Domitian declared that the provinces could barely support burdens that were inescapable. The additional taxation that was required in the late empire, when the army was so greatly increased (a fact Luttwak does not bring out), has often been regarded as a prime cause of the ultimate collapse. Fiscal exactions impoverished the subjects and diminished their loyalty. It was therefore always in Rome's interest to rely more on "power" than on "force".

However important this distinction may be, and however Roman strategy may show that Clausewitz's principles have no universal applicability, one may doubt if the Roman experience has anything more to reach the modern world. Among Rome's potential enemies there was only one powerful civilized state, the Parthian kingdom of the Arsacids and its successor, Sassanid Persia. The Arsacids were generally unaggressive, and it was not till the third century that Rome was exposed to constant danger on the eastern front. Only the Parthians and Persians, and the Sarmatians, had strong cavalry forces, and the Sassanids alone of Rome's enemies developed a sophisticated siege technology. Equipment, especially in artillery, and discipline for long gave Roman troops a clear superiority, especially in battles and sieges.

Luttwak observes that they were less suited to guerrilla warfare, so that when their enemies had no fixed assets to protect, their only strategy could be that of exterminating the population; this might, however, have added to this strategy, or the threat of it, had ultimately enabled Rome to subdue the wildest peoples in the most rugged country. The barbarous tribes that ringed all the frontiers except the Euphrates were individually weak and incapable of more than transient and merely local combinations. Concerted attacks on every frontier were inconceivable, and coincidence attacks improbable. Not till the third century did defence based on these considerations break down not only because of Sassanid offensives, but because of Germanic *wanderungen* which pressed the German tribes to seek new homes within the Roman empire, in which thus affected the fate of the empire, though their origins in the Asian steppes lay beyond the horizon of its government.

However, whether or not the conditions of Roman strategy were a different from those which should now determine planning in the Pentagon as hardly to provide lessons for modern use, "the study of Roman history is" for Luttwak "its own reward", and his contribution to that study merits attention in its own right. He is not a specialist in the field, but he has examined the ancient evidence for himself, scattered as it is, and read widely in modern works; errors and omissions seem to be rare. De Gilliam, himself a noted authority, rightly states that "no study comparable to this book exists". Lucidly and vigorously written, it presents a penetrative and powerful synthesis, not to be found elsewhere.

Luttwak distinguishes three phases of Rome's grand strategy. In the first the Roman army was not yet deployed on the perimeter, and there were no frontier fortifications or patrols. Many legions remained in the interior, and everywhere the troops were dispersed as much to quell internal risings as to meet foreign attacks, at communications centres when they could carry out offensives or repel major invasions. For special purposes very large armies could be concentrated. To protect provinces against "habitually" raids or localized invasions Rome relied, especially in the east, on client princes, who supplied contingents to her armies, covered the provinces against incursions and could absorb the first shock of more serious attacks.

Barbarian tribes too could be reduced to vassalage by more conspicuous shows of force or by subtle diplomacy, but she now relied much more on "force" (with a consequent increase in military expenditure). The system was one of "preclusive defence". Most of the troops were stationed in frontier provinces. Where the frontiers were not demarcated by natural barriers, rivers or deserts, artificial obstacles like Hadrian's Wall were constructed. In either case a frontier was protected by forts large and small. But these defences did not constitute an "inelastic cordon" and do not betray a Maginot line mentality. They were not built to stand sieges: they served to check infiltration and minor raids. Watchtowers, signalling devices and a network of roads, which not only connected the frontier positions laterally, but also linked them with provincial bases like the legionary camps at York and Chester and provided axes of penetration beyond the borders, made it possible to launch counter-offensives. There were enough mounted and mobile troops for rapid concentrations. It was hoped to intercept would-be invaders before they could cross the frontiers.

So long as this system worked effectively, Rome could give continuous security to life and property even in the frontier provinces. The troops were thus to a large extent defending their own homelands. That may be one factor, which perhaps Luttwak does not sufficiently stress, in the preference for "preclusive defence". He notices that the units tended to become fixed in particular sectors, and that even when it was necessary to transfer troops to another sector, it was usual to move not whole units but detachments drawn from all or most of the units in a province. The soldiers concerned had then good hope of returning to base, where increasingly they now enjoyed a family life.

Such transfers were necessary when there was a threat in one theatre too serious for the local garrisons to meet. Of course they weakened the defences in the areas from which troops were withdrawn. Rome gambled with good reason on the improbability of major attacks occurring simultaneously on several fronts. No grave external attack developed even in 68-70, when the defences were dislocated by civil wars, and though Roman authority on the Rhine then totally vanished, it could at once be restored by a great concentration of force. There was more danger if weakness in any sector were visible and prolonged. Hence under Marcus Aurelius a major Parthian war encouraged large-scale irruptions by the northern tribes. Rome's defences were then penetrated at many points. Luttwak ends his second phase about this time. But in fact Marcus restored the defences. There was no final breakdown in the system till Decius's reign in the middle of the third century. Even then it was partly due to civil wars, which almost continuously diverted Roman armies from "their proper tasks". Thus the judicious preservation of the "predominance of force" would be almost as necessary if Rome had been a world empire, and would be essential if, after the collapse of the Pax Romana, the world was divided into rival blocs, in which the problems of defence have land contours, and absolute security is within reach.

One mistake made by Luttwak deserves attention. He says that it was the Roman practice in the first phase to install a prince of the Parthian royal house on the throne of Armenia. In fact this was an innovation due to Nero. The Armenian kings had previously been the nominees and creatures of Rome; thereafter, although they did homage to Rome, they were more intimately connected with Parthia. Armenia thus ceased to be a true client state, an outpost of Roman dominion, from which (as Rostovtzeff argued) a counter-offensive against the Parthian capital could more easily be launched than from Syria, and which also covered Rome's possessions in Anatolia. It was only after this change of policy that it became necessary to strengthen Rome's garrisons and fortifications in the east. Luttwak himself has rightly emphasized this development; it tended to weaken Rome elsewhere, all the more as distance made it impossible to transfer troops rapidly between the Euphrates and other frontiers; this was why the increased power and aggressiveness of the Sassanids proved so disastrous in the third century. A correct account of the Armenian policies of Augustus and Nero would, however, only fortify Luttwak's general analyses both of the importance of client states and of Rome's defence problem in the east.

Perhaps Luttwak has made Roman strategy more rational than it was and given a more intelligible account of it than any emperor could have done. Fergus Millar has taught us to see how in general emperors reacted to events rather than shaped them. Thus practices which may look to us like evidence of deliberate policy may be no more than the outcome of expedients, each adopted to meet a particular difficulty. I am not persuaded that any emperor carefully thought through the problems of defence and consciously articulated any general strategic plan. Luttwak argues that in the east it would have paid Rome to secure the Khabur-Jebel Sinjar-Tigris line, yet Hadrian abandoned Trajan's conquests here as well as those in Mesopotamia which represented a revival of imperialist cravings: it was left to Severus to secure the line temporarily, and for Diocletian to resume control.

Again, it is hard to believe that when Claudius invaded Britain he did not design conquest of the whole island; certainly no frontier within the island could be as secure as the Channel. But the effort to finish the job was abandoned after Agricola's campaigns. Luttwak expounds the difficulties of pacifying the Scottish Highlands, but by concentration of troops and ruthless methods of extermination the Romans could have overcome these difficulties, just as they had once pacified still more mountainous country in Spain and Central and South-East Europe. At least between 120 and 160 no other preoccupations need have deterred them from making the adventure, since it had been carried through there would have been a very great advantage, being in main peace and order. But no rulers sought to heal the festering sore in Britain, as Augustus had healed that in Spain after two centuries of indecisive campaigning.

That intellectual lethargy which characterized Roman exploitation under the Antonines, also affected the strategy of imperial councils. Naturally, it was only under the impact of external attacks that in Luttwak's third phase a new system of defence in depth was devised, evolving once more from a series of expedients, which Luttwak calls "incremental and remedial".

In this system, on or near the frontiers there were now walled cities, forts, fortified farmhouses and granaries; these were constructed so as to withstand attacks from invaders who, except for the Sassanids, employed only primitive siege methods: they served as places of refuge and surveillance, supply-depots for counter-offensives, obstacles to enemy movements, e.g. at river-crossings and in mountain passes, and bases for sallies. Mobile armies were stationed in the rear, to destroy the invaders in due course. This strategy inevitably allowed some initial penetration of, and damage to, provincial territory. Luttwak remarks that it sacrificed provincial security to the security of the empire as a whole and that "the provincials can be excused for their failure to accept the logic of the system".

Some of the civil wars that enfeebled the empire in the third century were in fact due to the proclamation of emperors in the provinces by local armies, which no doubt hoped that their nominees would take better care of their own homelands. Indeed, "whenever the strategy showed signs of enduring success, it was promptly abandoned" in favour of attempts to "restore the former system of preclusive security"; exposed salients like Dacia were given up, but Diocletian sought to institute "a shallow defence-in-depth", in which only the frontier zones could be easily penetrated, though Constantine, for reasons that Luttwak does not make clear, preferred to strengthen the mobile reserve armies at the cost of the efficiency of the militia on the frontiers.

In the end Rome could not prevent deeper and more frequent invasions; "the damage inflicted upon imperial territories, private lives and private property was cumulative; it relentlessly eroded the logistic base of the empire and relentlessly diminished the worth of the imperial structure to its subjects". Here Luttwak goes rather beyond the chronological limit announced in his title, but he offers no more than a sketch of strategy in the late empire, and does not raise the question why it was only in the west that Roman defences ultimately collapsed in the early fifth century.

The value of his book does not lie merely in the general analyses I have discussed, but in the way in which he relates particular strategic problems and tactical fighting methods to his synthesis. Admirable maps and plans illustrate his arguments. It is a long time since I have read so important a contribution to Roman history.

The Novel: a Sonnet

Here stands the house. Guests occupy the rooms.
The pages turn. The reader learns their names:
There's James, and Margaret, another James,
And George. As they're deployed towards their dooms,
They think their acts their own—as though the plumes
Upon some hats believed the statea aims
Of diplomats were theirs, and theirs the shames
Of baronesses sporting with their grooms.
But we who stand outside the pasteboard plot
Must know the guests for who they are: ourselves,
Who have no motives, purposes, or dreads
Except for those that novelists allot
To us. The books we're in are on our shelves;
The thoughts we think are only in our heads.

Tom Disch

Mint source

ANNE S. ROBERTSON:
Roman Imperial Coins in the Hunter Coin Cabinet
Vol 3: Pertinax to Aemilian
325pp with 88 plates. Published for University of Glasgow Press by Oxford University Press. £33.

It is the business of a cataloguer to catalogue. Anne S. Robertson quotes with approval from Harold Mattingly; some catalogues, however, are more *raisonné* than others, notably those of Mattingly himself, which constituted a revolution in the study of the Roman Imperial coinage when they began to appear. This catalogue, on the other hand, is austere in the extreme; a brief introduction on mints, denominations and production is followed by a short account of the coinage of each reign; this account is largely composed of a list of types, of uncertain usefulness.

A valuable feature of earlier volumes by Professor Robertson was the judicious presentation of the conclusions of recent research on the different series, but there is little trace of any attempt to reproduce this feature here. The bibliography includes items of trivial vulgarization and at least one item which Professor Robertson cannot possibly have read. But it is more serious that in conception and planning this is a volume of fifty years ago and shows no interest in the important and stimulating attempts of Robert Carson and others to rethink what a catalogue of Roman Imperial coins should be and thereby keep alive rather than fossilize the scholarly tradition created by Mattingly; the study of the field remains where it was before this volume was published.

But within the brief she has set herself, Professor Robertson has done her work meticulously and well; much important material is now readily available; the plates are beautiful. An opportunity lost, however—which is particularly sad given the problems with which the coinage of the third century AD especially confronts scholars.

Michael Crawford

Tragedy in the Victorian Novel
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The undoing of a coming man

By Arthur Calder-Marshall

DIANA FARR:
Gilbert Cannan
A Georgian Prodigy
220pp. Chatto and Windus. £8.50.

Henry James, in Philip Guedalla's words, had three phases, James I, James II and The Old Pretender. During that last phase, he wrote a front-page article for the *TLS* on the Younger Generation. The bright hopes of the future, in March 1915, he considered to be Hugh Walpole, Compton Mackenzie, Gilbert Cannan and "in the dusty rear" D. H. Lawrence.

Cannan at that time was aged thirty. In a worldly way, he had done pretty well. One of an ill-paid Manchuian shipping clerk's nine children, he had won a scholarship from Bonsall School to Manchester Grammar School, from which he went to Cambridge to read Modern and Medieval languages. Quasi-adopted by a wealthy cousin who paid his rent and allowed him £200 p.a. Gilbert read for the Bar and did some devilling before he turned to literature. He was tall, blond, handsome and appealed to the wives of literary men by a combination of idealism, ardour and aloofness which was enticing without being threatening. Mrs Granville Barker suggested his becoming honorary secretary of the Society for the Abolition of Censorship, which gave him the opportunity of meeting all the contemporary dramatists. The theatre, he felt, was his true métier; and it was true that in his fifteen years of authorship he wrote fourteen plays, though none of these was a conspicuous success.

Men liked him too and tried to further his career. At the age of twenty-three he was commissioned to translate *Jean Christophe*, the *longum opus* of Romain Rolland, the future Nobel prizewinner, and Heine's *Memoirs*. By twenty-four he had sold a one-act play to Herbert Trench and published a first novel, *Peter Homunculus*. Edward Garnett took him under the cloak which had sheltered Galsworthy and was receiving Lawrence. Cannan looked as if he would go far, fast.

But there was a fatal streak of unworldliness which was to prove his undoing. His courtship of the sculptor Kathleen Bruce had brilliantly advanced him in artistic circles. Kathleen, four years his senior, was looking for a good father for her future babies. Gilbert Cannan's romantic fervours were not only delightful in themselves but also provoked the cautious Captain Scott of the Antarctic into proposing marriage. Cannan moved gallantly on: into the company of J. M. Barrie, that towering homunculus of the Edwardian theatre, who loved to be surrounded by adoring ladies.

There Gilbert Cannan might have found a cosy niche. James Barrie had been married for fourteen years to Mary Ansell, who had played the juvenile lead in Barrie's *Walker London*. The qualities Barrie had sought were "Young, beautiful, quite charming, a genius for preference, and able to flirt". No longer young, but quite charming, Mary Barrie was compelled to flirt, because her husband was impotent. Barrie complaisantly indulged her affairs, because they legitimized his own unconsummated adventures. Both the Barries welcomed this up-and-coming young man of letters. He was a discreet answer to both their problems.

Unfortunately Cannan played the romantic ass. While Barrie flirted with the Duchess of Sutherland and others in London, Gilbert could have solaced Mary in the seclusion of Black Lake Cottage, Farnham, if only he had tiptoed down the corridor to her bedroom. Instead, to preserve her reputation, he got a ladder and climbed through the window, leaving the gardener to find this evidence of adultery as he started to work next morning. Mary put the finishing touch by quarrelling with the gardener about horticulture.

When the gardener, in his good time, told J.M.B., the author of *What Every Woman Knows* was forced to take action; and after the divorce, Cannan, the co-respondent, was [illegible] forced to marry Mary [illegible] (Barrie's biographer Lucy Cullen Williams) who was old enough to be his mother and hoped she was young enough to be the mother of his child. Romantically it was not ideal, except that Mary, having taken a diminutive genius of the theatre for her first husband, was eager to make her tall second husband a greater genius. In worldly terms, Cannan had advanced himself. As well as Mary, he had acquired a desirable residence, four acres of garden and servants, including a, needless to say new, gardener. He would have to work like mad to sustain such an establishment, but Mary believed in him. He became the dramatic critic for *The Star* and began to review plays with a venom which eradicated all the good will which he had earned as honorary secretary for the Society for the Abolition of Censorship.

Enemies started to move in. When Bernard Shaw induced Lillah McCarthy to stage *Fanny's First Play* anonymously, Gilbert Cannan featured as Gilbert Gunn. "Do everything you can to suggest the play is by Barrie", said Shaw to Lillah. "You can say with good conscience that the author's name begins with a capital 'B'." Adept at self-publicity, Shaw, the epistolatory coquet, could sympathize with Barrie.

But as the shell cracked on Edwardian hypocrisy, the Cannans found new allies: H. G. Wells, the Lawrences, Middleton Murry, Katharine Mansfield, Bertrand Russell, Lady Ottoline, Mark Gertler. In their small way, the Cannans became as much patrons of struggling artists as Barrie had been or Lady Ottoline was to continue to be. Though Black Lake Cottage proved too expensive, the Mill House, Cholesbury, redesigned and decorated by the tasteful Mary, and served by "the perfect maid", became a miniature Garsington for guests and, with its booklined study with windows looking north, south, east and west, a perfect, almost too perfect, place for the young genius to work. Friends were encouraged to rent cottages near by. The coming generation (Rupert Brooke and Alec Waugh) found in Cannan the sympathy that five years before Gilbert had been given by Edward Garnett and Eddie Marsh.

When war broke out, Cannan, who respected *Kultur* as much as *la culture*, was resolutely pacifist. With Bertrand Russell and the Stracheys, Lytton and James, who looked down their Bloomsburyite noses at him, he organized the defence of conscientious objectors, even though he was himself exempt on medical grounds. He drew close to the sick Lawrence and his German wife, wrote for *Rhythm* and *The Blue Review*, formed a friendship with Mark Gertler, which provided material for his novel *Mendel*. In 1915, it was no wonder that Henry James picked him out as a coming man.

He was an indefatigable worker. Novels, plays, volumes of essays, poems, short stories and articles poured from his pen. For his novels, he drew on the earlier history of his family or on the plight of his friends. He never wrote a masterpiece or a bestseller: there was something not quite right, an aloofness some critics thought; an exaggeration, others felt, especially when he was inventing nothing.

There was also something not quite right with his marriage. Middleton Murry wrote after Cannan's death in 1955:

> What we were given to understand by Gilbert and Mary was that Barrie was guilty of unmentionable sex behaviour towards Mary. Knowing Mary, I should say that *any* sexual approach towards her would have come in such a category for her. And I am pretty certain that Gilbert had no sexual relation with Mary at any time. The divorce must have been a put-up job, Gilly, having got himself into the role of Perseus Gabhad rescuing Andromeda, had to live up to it.

Mrs Farr rightly discounts Murry's assertions (which may have been due to Mary's rejecting Murry's sexual advances). The "unspeakable sexual behaviour", according to the gossip of the [illegible] was that, while in bed with [illegible] Barrie made sex with himself [illegible] Gilbert may well have grown [illegible] with her aging body and [illegible] grown sad at not conceiving [illegible] child she wanted. At any rate [illegible] 1916 it was not Mary who be[illegible] pregnant by Gilbert Cannan [illegible] "the perfect maid". "In [illegible] 1916, in a state of some mental [illegible] fusion", writes Mrs Farr, "Gi[illegible] fled not only from his angry [illegible] and the pregnant maid but [illegible] from the old life, from the [illegible] his friends." It was the begin[illegible] of a mental decline which [illegible] out in over thirty years' confinement as a paranoid schizophrenic.

But before that happened, [illegible] reputation as a writer grew. [illegible] novels based on his family his[illegible] began to find their public; their [illegible] traits of his contemporaries [illegible] interesting, rather than unpleas[illegible] And he appeared to find happy[illegible] in the love of a nineteen-year[illegible] South African girl, "Gwen"; [illegible] hoped that Mary would agree [illegible] *ménage à trois* or divorce him [illegible] wife did neither. She sued [illegible] decree of separation, which prevented Gilbert marrying "Gwen".

True to his new faith in free lo[illegible] he raised no objection to setting [illegible] *a ménage à trois* with Gwen [illegible] young man called Henry. He [illegible] the two together after the wa[illegible] that he could go to lecture in [illegible] United States and rate money [illegible] his fellow-genius D. H. Law[illegible] "dying of tuberculosis". Law[illegible] was furious, because Cannan [illegible] (a) publicized his TB and (b) [illegible] raised enough money. Cannan [illegible] devastated because in his abs[illegible] Gwen and Henry had [illegible] Though they were prepared for [illegible] to string along, the balance of [illegible] mind grew precarious. He sent [illegible] the President of the United St[illegible] telling him how to run his for[illegible] policy, became an authority [illegible] animals and hated people, es[illegible] ally his own family.

In South Africa, when the Fo[illegible] began to move in, he wrote a [illegible] for Gwen called "It is Hope":

> They will not talk so much who
> [illegible] am dea[illegible]
> Those folk who know my de[illegible]
> [illegible] more than
> They will not talk & I shall sm[illegible]
> [illegible] me
> For what is done with words [illegible]
> [illegible] never die...

He did not die till 1955. By [illegible] no book of his was in print. [illegible] "coming man" of 1915 had [illegible] leaving only his name forever [illegible] Gilbert Cannan, a footnote in [illegible] graphies of others as diverse [illegible] Barrie and Lawrence, Dora Carr[illegible] ton and Bernard Shaw. It [illegible] remained for Diana Farr [illegible] reassemble the man, to whom [illegible] is related through her mo[illegible] Joanna Cannan, from the fragm[illegible] Whether he was, as she claims [illegible] Georgian Prodigy rather than [illegible] Georgian Tragedy is for the re[illegible] to judge.

Frans Masereel at his workbench with his woodblocks and tools: the introductory self-portrait from his Mein Stundenbuch *(1919), a story told entirely in 165 woodcuts. The hero is "the artist's analogue", according to Martin S. Cohen's "The Novel in Woodcuts" in* Journal of Modern Literature *Volume 6, No 2 (327pp. Philadelphia: Temple University, $2). Masereel's first novel in woodcuts was* 25 Images de la passion d'un homme *(1918); and his last,* Mains, *appeared in 1968 (the Second World War. Other notable practitioners in the genre were the American Lynd Ward and Otto Nückel, who in* Destiny *(1930) traced the career of a poor girl through prostitution, marriage and murder.*

The pick of the bunch

By John Ryle

EMMA TENNANT (Editor):
Bananas
221pp. Quartet. £2.50.

Little magazines are generally noticed only when they are busy being born or busy dying. There were few enough laurels for the admirable *Transatlantic Review* when it vanished suddenly last summer; there are fewer yet for the still healthy *Ambit* and *Agenda*. *Bananas* is a bit different. Its striking tabloid format and red and black reproduction design, as expressive in its way as the yellow of the *Yellow Book* or the grey of *Scrutiny*, have enlivened the gaze of metropolitan newsstand-scanners for several years now. The current flowering into an anthology seems to be similarly designed to bring it to a wider audience than that of the regular literary-intellectual periodical.

For a magazine barely three years old, an anthology may seem premature. The *Bananas* book, though, is more a sampler package than an album of Greatest Hits. As such, it reflects quite accurately the range and quality of its parent paper; *Bananas* brings together a mixed crew that includes the unexcelled gothic fabulist Angela Carter, the science fictioneers such as J. G. Ballard, John Sladek and Tom Disch—survivors from the wreck of *New Worlds*—and the maverick Marxist Tom Nairn. (Such close encounters of the New Left and *New Worlds* are reflected in the ingenious psi-fi of Peter Wollen.)

It is to the credit of its editor, Emma Tennant, that the flavour of *Bananas* is hard to describe. Certainly it is nor for all tastes: there is too much death, parnoia and nasty sex. Various words that might be used to render it—radical, black, surreal, avant-garde, camp, decadent—have been robbed of significance by their ubiquity and the encroachment of strangeness in real life (a subject close to the hearts of several of its contributors). *Bananas* is particularly strong on women and myth—and the two together, Angela Carter's Little Red Riding Hood story ("The company of Wolves") nabs the dormant fable from the nursery and plants it in the wilderness of the bed-chamber. Chilling variations on the tales of Andromeda and Philomela by Sara Maitland and Emma Tennant stand to wicked contrast to genially sexist versions of the same myths in the works of John Barth (*Perseid* and "Glossolalia"). There are comparably bleak, black and bizarre contributions by Beryl Bainbridge and Ruth Fainlight; "Women's Gothic" is the subject of an illuminating essay by Lorna Sage in the current issue (No 9, subscriptions from 2 Blenheim Crescent, London, W11). An editorial in that issue, skirting paradox, declares that "those who say the novel is dead are asleep". Certainly fiction of some kind is wide awake, if a little feverish, in these pages. With the exception of some rusty apprentice work nor in the anthology, *Bananas* stories are always readable.

The same is not true of all the criticism. Articles in the anthology by Martin Seymour-Smith and Tom Nairn stand in marked contrast to each other: the one a tedious catalogue of unsupported opinions, the other a powerful analysis of the social consequents on recent English literary history. Seymour-Smith treats every English author as though he were a failed applicant to his Academy of Modernism: Rupert Brooke displays "a total lack of understanding of what was happening in the world", Auden "soon petered out into a lazy and disingenuous bore", and so on. Thus the loony magistrate traipses through European literature interrupted only by his own obiter dicta: "Creative art continues"; "Even the Philistine searches in his inchoate way for the real". Seymour-Smith once wrote a funny book called *Bluff your Way in Literature*, but he seems to have lost his sense of humour. Tom Nairn's enemy of the discreet charm of the English bourgeois intellectual is another matter. "The Intelligentsia" is an ambitious attempt by *Bananas* resident North Briton to put the ideology of the English man of letters in theoretical perspect[illegible] "he thinks his work is [illegible] human nature, not the shrill [illegible] crisis English capitalism [illegible] and is distinguished by its rig[illegible] momentum and absence of [illegible] necessary spleen.

Finally there are two [illegible] memoirs of literary life: [illegible] (who founded *IT*) on [illegible] Ginsberg and Claud Cock[illegible] on Ezra Pound (himself [illegible] *éminence noire* of so many [illegible] *magazines* in the 1920s and [illegible] *Bananas* has no Ezra Pound; [illegible] poets, with the exception of [illegible] perennially fecund Peter Redgr[illegible] seem to me indifferent. Nor [illegible] it yet have any deep edit[illegible] coherence beyond the sum of [illegible] contributions. Its vindication [illegible] magazine comes from eliciting [illegible] publishing work that might [illegible] otherwise have seen the light; [illegible] its strength is that it represe[illegible] not one but several lively [illegible] cles. Some will doubtless turn [illegible] to be pie-in-the-sky: Tom Nair[illegible] vision of "a new era of revolut[illegible] of the word and dreams for [illegible] seems a likely candidate (he [illegible] quoting from *Blues*, an American [illegible] magazine of the 1920s). So *Bana*[illegible] stays plural—and pluralis[illegible] is to be hoped that Eng[illegible] the shrinking crisis of Co[illegible] capitalism the Arts [illegible] literary panel, whose squ[illegible] have recently put so much fun [illegible] in funding, will apportion enough [illegible] surplus value to keep *Bana*[illegible] growing.

A sense of achievement

By Michael Mason

JERZY KOSINSKI:
Blind Date
236pp. Hutchinson. £4.95.

Among the critical plaudits for Jerzy Kosinski printed on the jacket of his new novel is the following from the *Village Voice*: "one of the handful of great living writers". Praise like this can all too easily become coercive on reviewers and critics. Preventing estimates are shamed into silence because they show up as churlish against such enthusiasm and generosity. But, considered coolly, formulations like this are not generous at all. To start with, they propose a very exclusive group, the "great" (though the *Village Voice*'s "handful" of great writers is probably rather a bulky one). And it is not generous to Kosinski to write about him in such a famously extravagant way. Although he has some striking talents his achievement is not remotely comparable to that of Beckett or Sartre or Borges. The comparisons sound far-fetched, but they are the ones which are invited.

Kosinski's true claim to critical esteem is the restrained, limpid English that he writes. The control and clarity are all the more remarkable because he learnt most of his English after he emigrated from Poland to America in 1957 (he published his first novel only eight years later). His prose is both more precise and more original than Conrad's, to take the obvious point of comparison. Usually it is deployed in novels of a particular, idiosyncratic structure (though there are similarities here with John Hawkes): a string of short narrative episodes, chronologically shuffled but all constituting the experiences of one male hero, who thus dominates the text.

The hero of *Blind Date* is called George Levanter. The adventures he gets up to are like the adventures of the heroes of the other novels. Here reservations about Kosinski must start to arise. It is impossible to summarize Levanter's story without making him sound like a mixture of three parts James Bond and one part Guy Grand, irresistible lover of rich and exquisite women, ruthless political assassin, financial wizard, and expert skier, he jets around the globe to meetings with the powerful and famous of several nations, passing through scenes of torture, industrial espionage, mass murder, and, on the sexual side of things, incest, rape, orgies, nymphomenia, transsexualism, homosexuality, and voyeurism.

But is not this material put to much more serious and thoughtful uses than it would be in a pornographic thriller—as it surely must be if Kosinski is to come even within hailing distance of greatness? Certainly there is no thriller-like plot in *Blind Date*. And some of Levanter's experiences are simply funny or touching, and quite free from the whiff of exploitation. Moreover there is something of a theory, a set of principles, about human life underlying all the sex, glamour, and violence in Kosinski's novels. He himself has spoken about celebrating the individual in his fiction, and mounting an attack on the culture of "denial of self", of the "collective". He claims that the fashionable prescriptions for individualism—such as "Doing your thing"—are mass-slogans of destitute.

But the note of dissent from American values struck here is misleading. Kosinski's belief in the "individual" is nourished not only by his hatred of Russian communism but also by an alarmingly thorough conversion to its ideological antagonists, the American and capitalist ethic. That he calls the enemy the "collective" tells half the story—but it reveals even more about Kosinski that he should attack the "collective" because it "undermines" it.

Kosinski's heroes are "achievers" of all the things that modern Western capitalism ascribes most value to. Hence the brutal sexual avidity, the relish for luxurious consumer goods, and the obsession with solitary male aggressiveness in these novels. The effect is often so ugly and deterring that the reader is bound to seek for some hint of a satirical or indignant purpose on the author's part. But the smooth prose of these novels betrays no disquiet about their cruel, lecherous, and materialist world.

George Levanter and the others do, it is true, have brushes with the American establishment. There is an episode in *The Devil Tree* in which the hero, Jonathan Whelen, is wrongfully arrested and takes his revenge on the police. But his arrest is unjust because Whalen is an enormously wealthy man, and his revenge is to hit a police deputy very hard in the face with the sheriff's permission. The hero and the system are playing by the same rules. The appearance of a clash with authority simply masks, and hence makes more pernicious, a restatement of some very nasty old American values. Kosinski's fiction constitutes a kind of American nightmare, recurrently, lucidly, and almost calmly dreamed by a victim of ideological conflict. This is enough to make him an interesting and frightening cultural phenomenon—and also to prevent him from being a great writer.

Our daily bread

By Valentine Cunningham

HENRY GREEN:
Loving. Living. Party Going.
With an introduction by John Updike
527pp. Picador. £1.75.

With this one-volume reprint of *Loving* (1945), *Living* (1929) and *Party Going* (1939)—respectively his fifth, second and third novels—following closely as it does on the recent reissue of his first novel *Blindness* (1926), Henry Green is being brought again, and most deservedly, out into the open. Henry Green, though, rather than Henry Vincent Yorke: for the pseudonym's owner remained—and remains—a most unpublicized member of the republic of letters, withdrawing into a reticent commercial existence, granting only the rare interview, merely patchily informative in his autobiography *Pack Up Big* (1940), buffered by wealth against having to show his hand for money in essays and reviews, a deaf man who preferred his hearing aid switched off. Not dissimilar, in fact, from the later career of his contemporary Henry Graham Greene.

That stubbornly held privateness was by no means, it's clear, a calmly monkish retreat. Green's writing is continually, and sometimes masochistically, alert to the enclosing horrors. "I was born", he opens *Pack Up Big*, "three years after one war and nine before another, too late for both. But not too late for the war which seems to be coming upon us now and that is a reason to put down what comes to mind before one is killed." And the world of these fictions is openly apocalyptic. In *Living* we hear of foundry workers who've committed suicide by jumping into the molten metal; the crowds on the station in *Party Going*, noisy as aeroplanes, look ripe "targets for a bomb"; *Loving* is set in a great Irish house with a butler who actually dies, a dying nanny, encompassing worries over the IRA and, off-stage, the blitzing of England.

Like most public school writers of the *entre deux guerres* Green thought he'd learnt at school what to expect from fascism. Eton was "a humane concentration camp". This common notion was doubtless fanciful, but it did set Green trading feelingly in enclosured worlds. At Oxford he went to the cinema every afternoon, returning to write about the boy who goes blind in *Blindness*. The Birmingham factory world of *Living* in which the young bourgeois Dupret, like the young Yorke, immerses himself, locks its workers into a cycle of ill-paid labour and insecure future. The servants of *Loving* make a beleaguered enclave in neutral Ireland that's deserted even by their employers: "Left all on our own. How do you like that?" On the other hand, their plight feels, at least on occasion, consolingly rural: the upper-class clientele of *Party Going* are in a Buñuel nightmare, hemmed ever more strictly in; first by London's dense fog, then by the teeming railway station, finally by the station hotel with its steel shutters closed against the stranded crowds. "We're shut in now." They do get out in the end: like the wealthy English landowners of *Loving* who cross St George's Channel freely, or the slumming Dupret who has another life he can slip into. But the Birmingham proles can't escape: Lily and Bert, on route for Canada, get only as far as Liverpool, whence Lily is driven back home. For the likes of her, freedom exists only in cinema fantasies; for the servants of the great house it will lie in a frankly bogus fictional ending: "Over in England they were married and lived happily ever after."

Like Dupret, the novelist has a choice of worlds, and he uses this freedom to make accusing juxtapositions of upper and lower-class life. Indeed, the rich come out of these novels fairly scathed. Dupret, for instance, carelessly allows shortfitting when he inherits the factory; Mrs Tennant (of *Loving*) is caught pondering the proper shades for bedroom blotting-paper, and thinking of her house as her war-work; and the snobbish solipsism of famous and wealthy Amabel in *Party Going* is marvellously self-condemning: she "had been sanctified, so she thought, by constant printed references as though it was of general concern what she looked like or how beautiful she might be". But Green's original guilt—"unable to look a labourer in the eye", he left Oxford "to work in a factory with my wet podgy hands"—is not even thus, even thus uneasily, to be exorcized. What makes *Party Going* so important—and helps make it, in my view, the best of these novels—is the way the feeling of criminality is—as in Kafka or Poe—generalized. In the fog, Julia is "anonymous; if it had not been for her rich coat she might have been any tepid making-love girl home. Or she might have been a prisoner, anything." The view from the hotel balcony is, it is said, like a queen's from her balcony, or like a view from the gibbet.

"Everything", Green insisted in *Pack Up Big*, "must go down . . . all one's tool box, one's packet of Wrigley's . . . unattractive no doubt, thick with one's spittle." And he is eager to the point of occasional dullness and even ungainliness to reveal the truth. The prose is, of course, sometimes excited and exciting. Green is especially enlivened over sexual encounters: men realizing girls have nothing on beneath a dress or coat; Kate, in *Loving*, rubbing Edith; Edith enticing her man by holding her mistress's "black silk transparent nightdress" against her skin; Amabel rubbing her own bathed body dry, or trying to seduce Alex by scratching his knuckle; Captain Dueaupart in bed with the owner of the silk nightie; Edith playing blind man's buff with one of the pantry boys. The prose of *Loving* even, on occasion, gets quite roguish, verging on a parody in *Cold Comfort Farm* vein of the sort of rural, Cooper-ish shades for it contains. And there are some superb, incandescently purple patches, especially about anonymous, mass, urban life: extraordinary passages, for instance in *Living*, about Liverpool ("What is a town then?") and at a football match. But, at Green's best, dealing with the monotonously quotidian, the feeling is aptly level and the language commensurately plain. "A saint of the mundane", John Updike calls him; and he homes in, like the pigeons and like Lily at the end of *Living*, on the homely, on Birmingham and babies in prams.

Pasting the tastemakers

By Michael Irwin

JOSE DONOSO:
Sacred Families
Translated by Andrée Conrad
206pp. Gollancz. £4.20.

The Chilean writer José Donoso won considerable acclaim a few years ago for his novel *The Obscure Bird of Night*. His newly translated work, *Sacred Families*, is a set of three novellas, an allegorical triptych, set until the fashionable society of Barcelona, where he now lives.

Anselmo Prieto, the narrator of "Chattanooga Choo-Choo", starts an affair with Sylvia Corday, a successful model, and is neither surprised nor put out to learn that she is quite literally a man-made creation. Each night she erases her features with vanishing-cream. Her head is a blank egg-shape onto which a skilled cosmetician can paint this or that face from the latest issue of *Vogue*. Hair, ears, nose and limbs are all detachable. Anselmo is charmed by this discovery and the power that it seems to give him, even though Sylvia eliminates his own sexual organs by a relevant internal application of the vanishing-cream. He divides his energies between schemes to retrieve, or at least to disguise, his loss, and attempts to manipulate his wife's body and personality as he has manipulated Sylvia's. But his plans are forestalled. His wife learns from Sylvia the simple art of taking a man to pieces. The female puppet is finally the puppet-master.

"Green Atom Number Five", the title of the second tale, is also the title of a painting by its main character, Roberto Ferrer, a prosperous dentist and an amateur painter. He and his wife, now in their forties, are seeking to establish "the definitive apartment," that will express their personalities and their lifestyle. But they cannot agree as to where the painting, Roberto's finest work, should be hung. The issue is resolved when an intruder quietly walks off with it. There follows a succession of thefts. As the Ferrers' household disintegrates, so does their relationship. Fear, suspicion and mutual recrimination draw them into annihilating conflict.

The third story, "Gaspard de la Nuit", is about Sylvia Corday's teenage son, Mauricio, who baffles her by his remoteness, and by his interminable whistling of intricate music by Ravel. Unable to fulfil her modish expectations—"You aren't interested in anything freaky, anything modern, anything outrageous"—he gains his freedom by exchanging personalities with a physical double.

Each of these stories is a transcription into metaphorical terms of a sufficiently familiar general truth. "Chattanooga Choo-Choo", for instance, tells us that modern man imposes his fantasies on women and in so doing denatures himself as well as them. There is an interest in following the working of these stylish fictions and in decoding the figurative detail; but it is an interest of a limited kind. The publisher's blurb describes how José Donoso "launches his assault on the would-be-cosmopolitan tastemakers of the nouveau-International Set in their Mediterranean playground". Yes, it is that unhealthy crew again, familiar from many a movie. No doubt they richly deserve yet another allegorical pasting. But what have their failings to do with ours? *Sacred Families* reads too comfortably: neither writer nor reader is implicated. "Gaspard de la Nuit" achieves most, because it seems less concerned with a decadent clique than with "modernism" in general.

After Kafka, after Ionesco, after *Monty Python* even, the fantastical disasters here fail to startle. Surrealism has been conventionalized. In any case those sinister events have so clearly been invented in order to be interpreted that they are of limited interest in themselves. Every reader of *Metamorphosis* remembers the apple lodged in the beetle's shell, because that sickening detail frets the imagination before it intrigues the intellect. *Sacred Families* is clever, witty and complex, but it never prompts that kind of involvement.

February Books

Non-Fiction

NIKOLAI TOLSTOY
Victims Of Yalta
Nikolai Tolstoy, a relative of the great novelist, examines in full for the first time one of the most terrible episodes of the Second World War – the forced and tragic repatriation of over 3 million Russians during 1944-47. £9.95 406pp

MICHAEL KORDA
Success!
Penetrating, provocative and outrageously honest, SUCCESS! reveals how we can all achieve success and describes the tricks and techniques that have taken others to the top, by the author of the international bestseller POWER! HOW TO GET IT, HOW TO USE IT. £4.50 258pp

Fiction

CATHERINE GAVIN
None Dare Call It Treason
A controversial and brilliant novel set, with first-hand authenticity, during the perilous years of the French Resistance, by the author of the highly-successful TRAITORS' GATE. £4.50 288pp

JOHN GARDNER
The Dancing Dodo
An uncomfortable, totally convincing picture of events and people from both past and present and a riveting allegory on the deadly legacy past wars leave for future generations, by the author of THE WEREWOLF TRACE. £4.95 350pp

JANE AIKEN HODGE
Red Sky At Night
High romance, adventure and masquerade; a tale of England during the last years of the Napoleonic Wars, by the author of the bestselling RUNAWAY BRIDE and JUDAS FLOWERING. £4.50 287pp

FAY WELDON
Little Sisters
An astonishingly inventive new novel bearing all the hallmarks of Fay Weldon's imaginative vision. "Her literary achievement is a total originality of voice."—*Sunday Times* £4.25 192pp

HOWARD KAPLAN
The Damascus Cover
An exciting debut by a talented young writer who brings to life the dangerous world of the undercover agent. £4.25 256pp

Hodder & Stoughton

The false face of war

By Kenneth O. Morgan

CATE HASTE:
Keep the Home Fires Burning
Propaganda in the First World War
230pp. Allen Lane. £7.50.

Interpretations of the First World War have recently undergone many reversals. Long-established villains such as Haig and Kitchener have been rehabilitated, and their feet of clay kept decently veiled. Well-attested débâcles such as the Somme and Passchendaele have almost been turned into triumphs of military genius. Cate Haste's attractive and readable book, however, deals with a traditional theme in the traditional manner. Her subject is the use of propaganda and psychological warfare by governments, the press and voluntary organizations in Britain during the First World War. She shows how propaganda and new communications techniques were used, cynically and clinically, at first to help in recruitment drives, then to construct an image of the "evil Hun" whether resident in Germany or in Britain, finally to colour attitudes towards a punitive post-war settlement. With the insight into the mass media afforded to one employed in the production of television documentaries, Cate Haste follows in the wake of Arthur Ponsonby's *Falsehood in Wartime*, a kind of last hurrah for the Union of Democratic Control published in 1928. In the same vein as that celebrated tract, she graphically and convincingly depicts the manipulation of home opinion in stoking the fires of a supremely unlovely war.

The refinements of psychological warfare during the First World War were complex and far-reaching. The government made deliberate use of opinion and morale as vital weapons in a total war. There were control and censorship of news through the Press Bureau, active propaganda through the Department of Information and the War Aims Committee. The relatively unvitiated media of the poster and the film were adapted to sustain public enthusiasm, even though, as Cate Haste shrewdly notes, the posters tended to deal in idealized generalities and to steer clear of explicit descriptions of conditions at the front. Behind these efforts by the government, there were barrages of distortion and innuendo from the newspaper press, ranging from Rothermere to Bottomley. It was hard to distinguish between these practitioners of falsehood. Truly, *The Times* was but a twopenny edition of the *Daily Mail*. Lord Rothermere commented to Garvin of *The Observer*, accurately enough, "We're telling lies, we know we're telling lies, we daren't tell the public the truth".

Building on the initial drive for voluntary recruits in the period before the adoption of universal male conscription in early 1916, the propaganda campaign moved on to create popular stereotypes of "the Hun" in general and his military and political commanders in particular. Much of the detail documented on the myth of "Prussian frightfulness"—the German corpse factory, the mutilation of prisoners, the alleged destruction of Louvain, Nurse Cavell and so forth—is familiar enough, but it is illustrated here with new force and with an impressive range of pictorial evidence.

The most obvious victims of it all were the wretched Germans and Austrians resident in Britain, scapegoats of a witchhunt for "aliens" which continued until the early 1920s and of which a few disagreeable echoes are still heard today. Amid wide acclaim, Horatio Bottomley proposed that naturalized Germans should wear a badge and not be allowed out after dark. German waiters were publicly abused; Professor Ashé of Aberystwyth was hounded out of his university Chair. More profoundly, the ultimate victims were the British troops in the front line, who felt betrayed by a torrent of falsehood which distorted and glamorized what conditions in the trenches were really like. The counter-propaganda of the UDC and the ILP, antiwar rather than truly pacifist, was submerged in a hurricane of jingo fervour; rebels like MacDonald and Snowden became public pariahs. If the road to 1945 was paved by the progressive reports of Beveridge, Barlow and Uthwatt, that to 1918 was built on the nationalist stereotypes and mass-produced fictions that led inexorably to Lloyd George's decision to hold a "khaki election", the supreme tragedy of his career.

This is a work of high journalism rather than of profound scholarship. The research at times leans heavily on the writings of others, for instance Marvin Swartz's excellent monograph on the UDC. There are mistakes to upset the purist, for instance the persistent mis-spelling of such names as Montagu, Pethick-Lawrence and Wedgwood. The overall tone—populist and anti-establishment—is one-sided (and perhaps too indulgent to German propaganda). The psychological climate in Britain prior to August 1914 was by no means as dominated by war fever as the author suggests. Nor can Keynes's contemporary comments on the peace treaties and the reparations issue be treated as holy writ. The impact of the psychological warfare of 1914-18 was more resistant than is implied. In fact, the jingo mood soon passed away; it led instead to a prolonged period of appeasement and reconciliation in British foreign policy of which Lloyd George himself between 1919 and 1922 was the first architect. The true legacy was not the emotional chauvinism of a fringe of die-hard fanatics of the type of Brigadier Page Croft, but rather a serious and not wholly unsuccessful quest for social reconstruction and international peace. The legends of the "land fit for heroes" school of historians miss all that.

But this is not a book to be treated by such criteria. It is to be judged by the heart rather than the head, and it is right that this should be so. When every qualification has been made by the pedant and the specialist, the abuse of public propaganda during the First World War in Britain remains disturbing and repulsive. It was a dismal comment on nineteenth-century achievements in advancing literary, democracy and popular communication. It was a perversion of the concept of unity that the war leaders strove to build up (with the lesson, to some degree, taken to heart between 1939 and 1945 when the climate was healthier). The contagion infected British culture at every level, from the swagger of the music halls to Professor Gilbert Murray, that most honourable disciple of Hellenistic civilization, turning his pen to the special pleading of *How Can War Ever be Right?* After the horrors of the Somme, Private Kemp of the West Kents wrote in his diary, "War, where is the glamour of you, that we had been told was so splendid and which we found so damned rotten and inhuman?". Beneath the moralistic rhetoric, the actuality was "just hell broke loose". It is a supreme merit of Cate Haste's book that, more effectively than the recent literature from military historians, it so forcibly reminds us of the wretched reality of this so-called "people's war".

"Swat those Hun Flies", from Keep the Home Fires Burning.

Homes for the workers

By F. M. L. Thompson

ANTHONY S. WOHL:
The Eternal Slum
Housing and Social Policy in Victorian London
386pp. Edward Arnold. £15.50.

Anyone contemplating the recent flow of works on the history of working-class housing could be forgiven for supposing that slumming has become as popular with social historians as it once was with fashionable ladies in late-Victorian London. The one sought to gratify curiosity and ease consciences twitching with pangs of guilt over unearned affluence; the others seek to explain why there was a housing problem and why the Victorians were unable to solve it. The trouble with slum-visiting was that it was either chic and ineffectual—soup, sympathy, and back to Mayfair; or it was earnest and ineffectual—missions, settlements, and still the slums would not go away. The trouble with slum history is that although served up in a variety of different ways, with passion, with statistics, or with pictures, it is in danger of always turning out to be the same dish underneath. Anthony S. Wohl offers us a very substantial dish, and on such a subject it would be out of place if it was also a tasty one; but although here and there a fresh ingredient has been used, its main dimensions and texture are highly familiar, and its chief virtue lies in the very professional and scrupulous application of a well-tried recipe.

Professor Wohl is no lightweight, no historiographical equivalent of the sensation-seeking society lady who was so bitterly disappointed to discover that the East Enders lived in ordinary brick-and-mortar houses and not in the romantically dank and sinister hovels and caravans of her imaginings. He is, rather, the equivalent of Octavia Hill whom he describes in such an illuminating way, a historian thoroughly in command of his subject and with a deep and extensive knowledge of its literature and sources. His subject, however, is not so much the slums themselves as the perception of the slums by outsiders, and the efforts by individuals, and voluntary and official agencies, to frame policies and regulations designed to eradicate overcrowding and to create acceptable housing conditions for the working classes. In other words this is a history of the housing problem as seen by social investigators, social reformers, philanthropists, medical men, administrators, and politicians; its discovery, its diagnosis, and its proposed solution by means of housing reform and housing policy.

Starting out from the well-known investigations of the three Poor Law doctors in the 1830s and Chadwick's 1842 Report, Professor Wohl follows a reasonably well-trodden path through the demolition of working-class housing by railway construction and street improvement schemes, and their aggravation of overcrowding by forcing the evicted into neighbouring slums, steps carefully through the intricacies of housing legislation from Shaftesbury through Torrens to Cross, investigates the activities of the Metropolitan Board of Works and the London vestries, takes a close look at 5 per cent philanthropy and the model dwelling companies, recounts the upsurge of public and political interest in housing excited by the publication of the *Bitter Cry*, and ends with an analysis of the clearance, rehousing, and housing-estate achievements of the LCC and the metropolitan boroughs in the years before 1914. Urban historians will feel a certain pleasure in meeting again old friends and acquaintances in the St Giles rookery, Peabody Buildings, the Shaftesbury Park estate, Agar Town, the Jago and the Boundary Street scheme, and the White Hart Lane development, while remarking that the Kensington Potteries seem to be absent from the identification parade of classic slums—along with that Sultan Street which James Dyos, the general editor of the series to which this volume belongs, Studies in Urban History, has made so much his own.

There is considerable value, especially for teaching purposes, in having all these topics treated within a single volume, where before the student needed to go to many different books and articles. Moreover, this is much more than a work of synthesis, and the author has much to add from his own research which cannot be conveyed in a bare outline of the work. His particular strengths are shown in the clarity with which he distinguishes between the public health movement, steered by Chadwick's conviction of the primacy of sanitary solutions and provision of drains, pipes, and sewers outside individual houses, and the housing movement, concerned with the effects on health and morals of what went on inside overcrowded houses; and in his discussion of the incest which did go on (though how frequently we do not know)—housing reformers, like factory and mine reformers, were as anxious to suppress sin and temptation as they were to cure sickness and suffering.

Fresh, too, is the appraisal of the positive achievements of the Metropolitan Board of Works in clearances and rehousing, in the face of the exceedingly complicated series of legal, administrative, and compensation hoops through which it had to jump before any of the permissive statutory powers could be applied. The most important original contribution, however, is the examination of the work of the Medical Officers of Health of the metropolitan vestries, appointments made compulsory in 1855; they emerge as keen-nosed and far-sighted, struggling against their own parsimonious employers for energetic—and expensive—municipal action to make houses fit for habitation, and forming an important, professional, well-informed pressure group backing moves to extend the powers and duties of local authorities through housing legislation.

In these and other ways, Professor Wohl provides a coherent, integrated, and illuminating study of housing reform, housing legislation, and housing administration in its London setting. Nevertheless, it must be doubted whether all this adds up to a history of London's slums. To start with, the problem which this book is about is the problem of overcrowding as defined by sundry outside reformers, moralists, administrators, and do-gooders. We can readily agree that all slums were overcrowded; but the proposition that all overcrowded rooms or tenements—whether that means more than two persons a room on the LCC definition, or less than 300 cubic feet an adult on some hygiene definitions—were slums does require demonstration. It would be generally agreed that a slum is something rather more, or worse, than simply a district of houses which the intelligentsia find mean, congested, and unacceptable. There may be no objective criteria with which to identify and measure slumminess, but it has something to do with the quality, or lack of quality, of life in congested dwellings, with the way in which the occupants treat their accommodation and the way in which the owners fail to look after damp, peeling plaster, falling ceilings, broken windows and the like. It is precisely at this point, on the attitude of people to their housing and on the lifestyle and domestic arrangements within overcrowded rooms, that the author finds that the evidence gives out. It is of course true that the working classes in general, and slum-dwellers in particular, have left precious little documentation, but one cannot help feeling that more intensive exploitation of the Booth survey material, coupled with evaluation of the strong drives toward cleanliness and respectability manifested in the holystoned dwellings of many working-class districts could have shed some light on the supposed equation of overcrowding and slum conditions.

One can, therefore only thank Professor Wohl's regret that he is able to say so little about the slum dwellers, who they were, where they came from, how long they stayed in the slums, how close or district, how they lived, what the family life was like, what kind of subculture they developed in the streets, alleys, and pubs, and whether kinship and friendship made up for any of the stark physical deficiencies of their environment. The Census enumeration books are in some danger of becoming the social historians' cold *mecum*, but they might illuminate some of these dark corners. It is at least clear, as the author points out, that on the whole the slum dwellers showed no resentment of their housing conditions but were apathetic or resigned. It was middle-class reformers who were outraged, reformers who knew what is best for the poor; no one seems to found out what kind of housing they themselves wanted, though the long run embourgeoisement of the poor could persuade the working that they want, in housing as in many other possessions and pursuits, what the middle class wants.

All of which raises the question whether there was a special problem of housing, any more than there was a food problem or a clothing problem; there was enough of these things to go round, which the poor could afford to buy. In this light the slums were not the result of things to do with housing and city locations in particular, but the consequences of the productivity of the economy, the availability of resources, and the distribution of income in general. Professor Wohl touches upon this dimension of his subject when he remarks that in order to pay for accommodation on the market rents which the poorer paid could afford, and which at the same time yielded enough income to cover the outlay, builders built down to the minimum cost that necessarily resulted in a low standard. It is a line of thought which needs to be pursued before the last word can be said about how the housing of the masses was accomplished in nineteenth-century towns.

Professor Wohl has written an interesting, closely packed, but strangely old-fashioned book about policy; it is disappointing that he has not had the courage to use his great knowledge to lay bare the living heart of the eternal slum.

The heavy Victorian father

By Stuart Hampshire

ALAN BELL (Editor):
Sir Leslie Stephen's Mausoleum Book
118pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. £4.25.

"Certainly I will admit that I am not a 'failure' pure and simple.... The sense in which I do take myself to be a failure is this: I have scuttered myself too much. I think that I had it in me to make a real contribution to philosophical or ethical thought." The confessional outpouring of the "Mausoleum Book", short as it is and addressed only to his family, will probably do more to preserve Sir Leslie Stephen's name than any of his other writings; more even than the *History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century*, an assured classic, still readable, but apt to make only a pale impression alongside this book, which glows with strong feeling, powerfully and strangely expressed. Any possibility of failure is erased.

The strangeness is in the elevated language in which the story of two marriages and two bereavements is told for the benefit of the descendants of these marriages. Stephen is proud of his own emotions and glories in the excess of his devotion to his second wife, Julia, and in the black depth of his despair when she dies. The baring of the breast, an urgent sincerity, goes together with a very high moral tone; and, as Alan Bell remarks in his introduction, the vocabulary of this resolute free-thinker becomes ecclesiastical when he carefully explains the degree and kind of his love to his children. Yet one never doubts the genuineness of the confession, or doubts that one is following closely the movement of his thought and feeling mirrored in his extraordinarily direct style, which is that of an intimate letter. The book is a literary triumph.

The "Mausoleum Book" follows Stephen's emotional development as an adult—harshly self-critical and unsparing, the story of a "proud, cold and sarcastic man", dominating, self-pitying, privileged, imposing, disdainful of the common run of things, fiercely honest and always serious. With his brilliant brother, Fitzjames, he belonged to an established intellectual aristocracy from the moment that he left Eton for Cambridge. His peers formed a loose group, all well known to each other, which probably has had no equal elsewhere, as, for example, in nineteenth-century France, for intellectual power and variety; nor has there been any subsequent period in England when so many men of letters of comparable intellectual distinction might be, and often were, gathered formidably in one room. In the context of his brooding on his own achievement, quoted above, Stephen mentions the admiration that he earned from his friends, Sidgwick, Morley, Pollock and Maitland. Elsewhere in the book Huxley, Lowell and, of course Thackeray, appear as close friends: also Meredith, G. H. Lewes, George Eliot, Trollope, Herbert Spencer, J. R. Green, were in varying degree friends also, and, on an outer circle, Browning, Tennyson, Carlyle, Mill, Matthew Arnold; the painters Burne-Jones, Millais, Watts, Holman Hunt, were all closely involved with Stephen's family. There were dining clubs and Pollock and Stephen founded yet another club, "Sunday Tramps", at which these strenuous and productive men exchanged ideas. Mammoth walks and Swiss mountains were essential to Stephen. The first editorship of the *Dictionary of National Biography* was the great, and vastly laborious, achievement of Stephen's life, and precluded any possibility of being thought a "failure", even by the most exacting standards set by his circle. He was the founder of a glorious institution and thereby became an institution himself, even apart from his journalism and history of ideas.

But still in the "Mausoleum Book" he repines and bears down on his children with a bitter insistence on self-examination. The tone is very close to that of Mr Ramsay in *To the Lighthouse*; it must have been stifling and oppressive for children in real life to be addressed with the full weight of this passionate man's demands for sympathy, admiration and forgiveness. He cannot let go, and he must explain exactly why he loved Minny Thackeray and why he was shattered by her death and why he could fall in love with Julia Duckworth, and why he worshipped her and why he can never say enough about her and about the extent of his loss when she died. It is as if he stood accused, in his own eyes, of the incapacity to love. So monstrous and overgrown is his conscience, his ideal self, that he seems, in this confession to his family, to be addressing a deity within the breast in self-justification. He is dedicated to moral perfection, and he cannot be sure that he comes close to it, although he knows that his wife, Julia, did. So there is a noble discontent expressed in his writing, which sometimes lapses into a rather ignoble grumbling about his difficulties and trials.

Lytton Strachey, now temporarily and absurdly underrated, emphasized the romantic remoteness of eminent Victorians, who usually did not talk and write, and therefore apparently did not feel, in ways that seem to us natural and unforced. This fascinating book supports him. The screen of privacy and of reticence is not lowered in front of declarations of love, and in front of inner doubts and intimate reflections, which would now be found unfitting and unnatural in the cold print of deliberate and well-written autobiography, even though one would expect them in a Victorian novel, and particularly in Charlotte Brontë. Perhaps the most novelistic passage in the book is the description of the tense waiting that followed Leslie Stephen's proposal to Julia Duckworth, and her declared readiness to become his most intimate friend, while her attachment to her dead husband left her incapable of love and of another marriage. The tension is very definitely conveyed, but abstractly, without any concrete details or picturing of what actually happened between them and of how Julia changed and of what incident occurred in this restless interval. The screen of privacy and of reticence comes down in front of concrete incident and of the details of living, and of course in front of explicit sexual feeling. Yet the brooding, irritable, self-willed, long-striding, mountain-climbing, heavily male presence is brought massively before the reader, with his impatient demands and his commanding talents and energies.

Perhaps the root of the difference between present styles of feeling and expression and this intimidating Victorian model is to be found in the importance which Stephen confidently assumes that his emotions and his family history retain. He seems to be sure that he is at the centre of the world, and that the events in this individual consciousness must be placed on record, this soul's history probed. There is very little protective irony. His evangelical background comes forward into the style of his thought, if not into its content, "The pathetic romance" of his life, as he calls it, must have a moral and must have a meaning for his children. It is not difficult to understand why his children felt a need for a radical change of style, nor why Virginia Woolf was set free by his death to live among her friends, unshadowed by the lowering presence in Hyde Park Gate, and set free to develop a style that disowns the evangelical inheritance.

Mr Bell's introduction admirably explains the origins of the work and its qualities. Extracts have been published in biographies, but the whole is published for the first time.

The good old C of E

By Peter Hebblethwaite

ALEC VIDLER:
Scenes from a Clerical Life
208pp. Collins. £4.50.

In his farewell-to-Cambridge sermon, Alec Vidler quoted a French ecclesiastic and member of the French Academy (was it the Abbé Brémond?) to whom a troubled priest said, "I four there are two men in me". The *immortel* replied, "Oh, but there are twelve in me". Whatever *he* may have meant, Dr Vidler uses the story to provide an apologia for diversity and creative inconsistency. He has refused to settle down in fixed positions. He has let faith and doubt co-exist side by side. This means that he is elusive, and no sooner do we appear to have him pinned down in his autobiography than he skips nimbly away and leaves the reader clutching thin air. There are at least half a dozen Vidlers on show in these pages.

At times he presents himself as another in the long line of English eccentrics. He keeps bees, sports a Shavian beard, writes letters to *The Times* on how to read in bed, or on the distressing consequences for old gentlemen of the non-provision of chamber pots in guest rooms. He has the academic habit of exalting minor issues: he made the "speech of his life" to ensure that the area outside the porter's lodge in King's Parade would be re-cobbled rather than suffer the indignity of being replaced by granite sets. For the world, May 1968 meant upheaval in France: for Dr Vidler it meant being elected to Rye Borough Council as the candidate of the ratepayers' association.

Eccentricity needs a sympathetic milieu if it is to flourish. And the Church of England appears to abound in posts which leave their occupants free to do nothing at all or to branch out on their own. The wardership of Hawarden House was admittedly no sinecure in wartime, but Dr Vidler concedes that a Windsor canonry is possibly the least demanding of all the posts available in the Church of England. He filled in his time by editing *Theology* and educating a small band of mature ordinands.

While at Windsor, Dr Vidler was frequently "entertained by the royal family", though he modestly draws a veil over this aspect of his life lest he "do a Crawfie". Yet he is nobody's poodle. His early skirmishes with Dr Barnes of Birmingham gave him a taste for ecclesiastical battle and a deep dislike of bishops. They are denounced as misguided or foolish.

But then, enter another Dr Vidler, the non-theologically minded theologian. Though he edited *Theology* for twenty-five years and was midwife to hundreds of articles and dozens of books, he disclaims the label theologian after consulting the *OED*. He is a historian who has enriched our understanding of French Catholic Modernists and their predecessors. He accepts Dr Johnson's judgment that "great abilities are not requisite for an historian". He has no taste for metaphysics. He has given up reading theology.

He is English to the tip of his beard, sharing with Cardinal Newman and Hilaire Belloc the view that Sussex is the finest county. And yet during the war he was nearly sacked from the editorship of *Theology* for insisting on the unpalatable truth that "the devilry of Hitlerism does not automatically transform us into angels of light or prophets of the Lord". Dr Vidler, the unfanatical patriot, has never subscribed to the English view of "salvation by decency".

As he grows older, Dr Vidler seems to hanker for his Victorian roots. He has returned to Rye where he was kissed in his pram by Henry James. His language has an old world precision and pedantry. He likes Latinisms ("instrumental in putting a hedge-hog in the bed of a refractory undergraduate"). Naturally, along with his lifelong friend, Malcolm Muggeridge (who, we are told, had his children baptized as an anti-communist gesture), he loathes the intrusive, glittering screen. "Television", he explains, "is a mechanism which neither he nor I possess but which can be laid on for special occasions", which sounds like a recipe for having it both ways.

Nothing so disturbing as a religious experience is ever hinted at in these pages. No doubt Dr Vidler wants to reserve this private and intimate sphere for himself. A few quotations from Tyrrell perhaps set us on the way. But the result of this reserve is that the real Dr Vidler, who would have held together the proliferation of surface Vidlers, hardly appears. He has written a book that will delight as many readers as it infuriates.

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Well under control

By Anne Stevenson

EDGAR BOWERS :
Living Together
84pp. Manchester : Carcanet. £2.90.

PETER DAVISON :
A Voice in the Mountain
61pp. New York : Atheneum. $4.95.

BARBARA HOWES :
A Private Signal
187pp. Middletown, Connecticut : Wesleyan University Press. $8.50 (paperback, $4.45).

It is a good season for the respectable poets of America. The publication of new books by Richard Wilbur, Anthony Hecht and Elizabeth Bishop in the past year has refreshingly opened what might, five years ago, have been regarded as a permanently blocked door. And now fresh collections from Edgar Bowers, Peter Davison and Barbara Howes offer further proof that intelligent control of language in poetry—lately dismissed by the red-skinned avant-garde as "cooked" confections of "pale-faces" and academic intellectuals—has never really deserted the American scene. For this reason, but not for this reason alone, all these books should be welcomed by the more fastidious English.

There is no doubt that all three of these collections are the work of intelligent, discriminating artists. The late Yvor Winters would have found especial occasion to rejoice in Edgar Bowers's *Living Together*, since Professor Bowers usually fits his classical metres neatly into the shapes prescribed by Dr Winters's rules for excellence. Those who are not wholly of Professor Winters's opinion with regard to what is good and bad in poetry may have certain reservations about Bowers's book, but I doubt that these reservations would extend to the title poem itself. At his best—as he surely is in this poem—Edgar Bowers balances form and emotion marvellously. "Living Together" is a poem modelled more on Stevens's "Notes for a Supreme Fiction" than on Winters's injunctions. The relationship in question is that between poet and muse—or between poet and whatever power moves into the artist's mind as he creates:

Of you I have no memory, keep no promise.
But, as I read, drink, wait and watch the surf,
Faithful, almost forgotten, your demand
Becomes all others, and this loneliness
The need that is your presence. In the dark,
Beneath the lamp, attentive, like a sound
I listen for, you draw near—closer, surer
Than speech, or sight, or love, or love returned.

It is worth noticing that the poem is unrhymed, unforced metrically; it has the "natural" form of the best American free verse, although, as so often in Stevens, it is held together by a skeletal iambic pentameter. Turn the page and suddenly we are back in Winters's landscape. A longish sequence called "Wandering" takes no risks with rhyme or metre. There is so much control of language that what is said becomes obscure, even personal, even a shade vain :

Forty years young! The spectral lover
I wander toward will seem familiar, far
In future paths, when I, with old defense,
dignify it in private consequence.

There is less dignity, however, in these formal stanzas (also about the writer and his work) than in the simple free statement of the lines quoted above. It is perhaps ungenerous to suggest that Professor Bowers's book suffers from a too excellent, too self-conscious control of his ideas. Such control by and through language is admirable, but a reader does not want to read language alone. When a man can write so well without metrical props—as he does in a sequence called "Autumn Shade" when he lets his iambics breathe—why depend upon them so much? The question is half answered in his opening poem "To a Reader" :

My soul repays me,
Who fix it by a rhythm, with terror
Of hearing the swift motion that betrays me.

In poetry, however, "swift motion" is not always a betrayal. I wish Edgar Bowers were less afraid of it.

An easier, or at least more readily accessible, poet is Peter Davison, whose *A Voice in the Mountain* is a pleasant, intelligent collection by one who obviously wants to be understood. There is much that is elegant here, but it is an elegance tempered with urbanity and a good narrative technique. Peter Davison has obviously learnt much from Robert Frost. "Making Much of Orioles", a tale about saving orioles from a felled elm, is written in competent Frostian iambics and it ends in a predictably Frostian moral :

But a nest is no place to arrest a song
that in its very nature has no end.
The second year the orioles found an elm
to build in somewhere in the neighborhood.
They might have been my nestlings. I don't know.
I've tossed the branch behind a lilac bush.

To write like Frost but not quite as well as Frost is the risk this poet seems willing to take to get himself in trim, as it were, for writing poems which are not at all like Frost but wholly his own. Mr Davison is at his best when he is least self-conscious and allows his talents as a critic and satirist full rein. His collection includes a devastatingly cutting poem about Bertrand Russell which ends,

At last geese claim him for the cause of Right
to prop before a crowd or sign a letter
yelling in hate the sentences of light.
My noble lord, you might have ended better.

Another poem strikes at bourgeois materialism in seven polite stanzas. In this, "La Cathédrale Englouotie" is used by the untroubled citizens of a perfectly clean, neat city (is it a Swiss city? a Dutch city?) for both bank and banqueting hall :

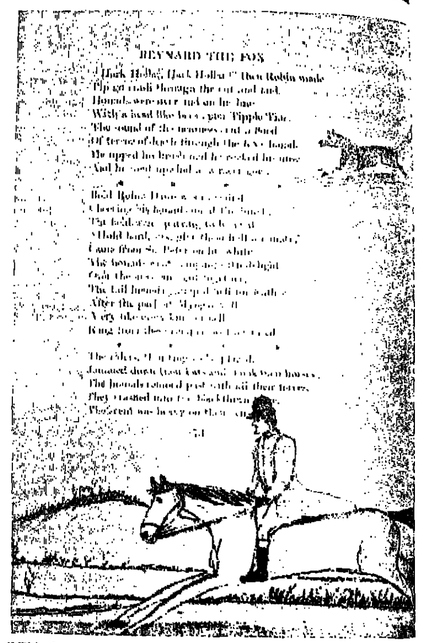
They dance and drink from foamy steins of beer
between speeches. How they love to hear
that cash has saved the country from the devil!
"Listen, my friend, what made your family chafe
to live in any other town? Why here?"
We walk in silence through another square.
"The schools are good," he sighs. "The streets are safe."

There are so many good poems in *A Voice in the Mountain* that a few minor, over-academic failures are scarcely noticed.

It is tempting to observe that Barbara Howes is to Elizabeth Bishop what Peter Davison is to Robert Frost, but such a remark would not do Ms Howes justice—nor really Mr Davison either. It is rather a pity Ms Howes so often sounds like Ms Bishop when she is, in fact, very much herself. Her subjects are New England landscapes, its people, its moods, and very often her own life and friends. Barbara Howes has perfected a chiselled, uncompromising style which is also compassionate—a difficult and perhaps particularly feminine achievement which requires that the poet be at once gentle and terribly tough. It is encouraging to note that the later poems selected for *A Private Signal* are better than the early, rather stiffed ones. A poem called "Jim" is uneasily moving—the tale of a simple-minded boy cruelly used by his father until the boy is driven to shoot him, or perhaps to witness his shooting—the poem is unclear as to how it occurs. The boy, however, is maimed for life :

Sound
Catapulted against the background
Hill, the slag-dark ground,
To ricochet
From that squat tannery
Which was the future.

Often, as in this poem, the fact of emotion is realized more vividly than the action, and for this reason Barbara Howes's book does not give quite the impression of professional excellence it seems to aim for. Nevertheless, it is an intriguing and provocative collection. Incidentally, *A Private Signal* (perfectly named) is one of the most beautifully produced books of poems I have seen this year.



"This horse is queer upon his legs./Don't look too close, the ass begs.' Not the best-known lines of one of the Poets Laureate, but one by John Masefield to the first copy of the limited edition (1919) of Reynard the Fox, given to his wife. Several pages were also published by his own drawings, making the book one of the finest items in the Masefield collection held by Columbia University Libraries, New York. To honour the centenary of the poet's birth, Columbia is exhibiting from February to June a rich selection of manuscripts, first editions, letters, and pictures.

Freely accessible

By Vernon Scannell

KIT WRIGHT :
The Bear Looked Over the Mountain
62pp. Salamander. £3.95 (paperback, £2.25).

MARTIN BOOTH :
Extending Upon the Kingdom
31pp. Poet's Yearbook, 1 Herbert Road, London N11. 95p.

JOHN CASSIDY :
The Dancing Man
32pp. Poet's Yearbook. 95p.

SEBASTIAN BARKER :
On the Rocks
88pp. Martin Brian and O'Keefe. £2.

At a time when so much new poetry is crabbed, fragmented, self-regarding and, it scarcely need be added, boring, it is pleasant to be faced by four collections by young or youngish authors all of which contain poems that can be read with real enjoyment. Kit Wright's *The Bear Looked Over the Mountain* arrives with a Poetry Book Society recommendation and offers a body of work of great variety, technical accomplishment and, most important, sheer enjoyability. At his best he writes a truly popular poetry, that is to say, his poems are immediately and pleasurably accessible to any literate and ordinarily sensitive person; but his writing has nothing in common with the strident banalities and sentimentality of official Pop Poetry. Auden is probably an influence, but the most clearly formative one is nonliterary, that of folk blues and ballads, and it proves salutary, lending a jaunty grace and poignant lyricism to such pieces as "Red Boots On" and "Elizabeth".

But the poem that I found most affecting belongs to an older literary tradition, appropriately enough, for it is a little elegy for the poet's father, whose generation would recognize and applaud its tactful felicities :

Broken in my father's face
The lack of anguish and disease
And lines of laughter—based
In death that turned his be
gay.
Fell no dark upon that place.
Death refit a younger grace.
Strange, in his own light
by
And he was handsome as the

Charm is not a quality th Martin Booth's poetry offers m imagine, would he be flattered by any suggestion of its presence there; but his new book, *Extending Upon the Kingdom*, is a vigorous always interesting collection, and at least half-a-dozen of the poems carry a strong sense of real experience observed with clarity and pressed with force and unwavering truthfulness. I recommend especially "Replicas", "Incubus" and "Shooting a Fox".

The other Poet's Yearbook rent for 1977, John Cassidy's *The Dancing Man* is, like Booth's, remarkably good value for 95p. He has something to say about the underworld the primitive beneath the urbane urbane surfaces of contemporary Western life, and he says it with admirable economy in poems that are often illuminated by flashes of original perception. Perhaps his avoidance of the rhetorical flourish sometimes betrays him into a prosiness, as in the title poem of "Tom Robinson", but in poems such as "Disturbance" and "Through the Wall" he moves away from this rather pedestrian mode and achieves a resonance and, in the second of these pieces, a range of wit that are profoundly satisfying.

Sebastian Barker's *On the Rocks* shows no reluctance to play with verbal fireworks, indeed it often seems that rhetoric has taken him by the neck and come very close to strangling him; yet this sequence of sonnets which explore a dangerous love affair rarely relaxes its narrative grip, even at its most outrageous and self-indulgent. I think he will live to blush at many of these poems, some of which suggest a collaboration between Christopher Smart and McGonagall, but there is much evidence of energy, originality and love of language, and I look forward to seeing how he develops.

As credulous as curious

By Clive T. Probyn

JOSEPH M. LEVINE :
Dr Woodward's Shield
History, Science, and Satire in Augustan England
362pp. University of California Press. £14.75.

Dr Woodward's Shield is a painstaking account of failure and error, of an evolutionary stage in English intellectual life of the early eighteenth century which stirred the learned circles in Europe for a generation and amused the Scriblerian wits for a few brief years. Nowadays, exponents of historical cosmology are apt to produce best-sellers, but Velikovsky's *Worlds in Collision* (1950) has no place for the man who in so many ways began it all (in the wake of Genesis, of course), the complete and now obscure virtuoso, Dr John Woodward, author of the *Essay towards a Natural History of the Earth* (1695). Apart from its specific subject, Joseph M. Levine's book is a testament of a universal human delusion : the urge to will truth into being, to convert needs into facts, prejudices into theorems, values into authorities, and fakes into hallowed originals. Its symbol could be the Earl of Pembroke, an indefatigable collector, shambling around his vast cabinet of rarities, too busily obsessed with its Frankenstein-like vitality to dress or shave, issuing instructions for chiselling forged names into his monuments and giving out that one of his incinerary urns was Horace's own. A triumph of make-believe.

It is also the story of cultural obsession for the Roman influence, of vast wealth and leisure used to rediscover the archaeological, numismatic, and statutory footprints of the classic past; and it is also the story of Genesis versus geology. Just as classical literature was the staple of post-Renaissance neoclassicism, prehistory (as it is now known to us) was being made to support or deny the biblical records of the earth's creation. Wren was fascinated by the possible remains of a Temple of Diana on the site of St Paul's; the historicity of the Pentateuch and the time, place, and extent of the Noachian Deluge provoked endless theorizing; fossils could either be divine cosmic jokes (*lusus naturae*) or (as yet) inadmissible evidence of a prehistory which made the Bible no more than a collection of picturesque fables for the simple-minded.

As Mr Levine says, "fakes and forgeries have their continuing interest, especially for the student of method. For perhaps nothing reveals so well the condition of critical scholarship as how successfully it can distinguish between the true and false object". Such is the richness of detail and the depth of biographical focus in this book that I doubt the student of historical method will learn much about methodology *per se*, other than that *a priori* reasoning on the basis of an incomplete induction is always a risky business.

Even so, the claim for an interest in *method* is not disingenuous. What happens, I think, is that the subject has exercised a nearly fatal affectionate interest for its author. Woodward is undoubtedly a fascinating subject, definable only in terms of his multifarious interests, and therefore inevitably absorbed by the "supporting" cast of Hale, Whiston, Burnet, Hans Sloane, Cotton Mather, Newton, Thomas Hearne, Dodwell, Winckelmann, Lhwyd, Hooke, Scheuzer, to name a few, and not to mention the Scriblerian wits who lovingly consumed such men as Woodward over their breakfast in Arbuthnot's lodgings in St James's. Woodward is the peg on which all of this is hung. He is otherwise known as the model for the antiquarian zany Fossile in Gay's *Three Hours after Marriage*, and here as the source for the portrait of Cornelius in the *Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus*. In short, he is the symbol for a whole world of credulous gentlemen who have allowed their imagination to get astride of their reason.

In the teeth of literary history, at least, Mr Levine argues that Woodward was not only important as a serious scientific intellect but also as a pioneer in palaeontology. One *might* think of Woodward in the same moment as Sir William Petty—both were fertile polymaths—but one *does* think of Woodward as another Orator Henley, a hybrid of a very different feather. Woodward's problem is that he possessed the essential qualifications for the *Memoirs* and the *Dunciad*: a prolific publication list on a bewildering variety of topics, the predisposition to believe his own opinions, litigious zeal in his own defence, and an unstoppable scientific curiosity. Even though he was "not the equal of the greatest thinkers of his age . . . only one of the second best", one only has to think of his unpublished works to estimate his curiosity: a history of America, a history of metals, books on the weather, mineralogy, the Egyptians, and, of course, many pieces on his special subject, fossils. In a great age of collectors (Sloane, Charleton, Pembroke, and Harley in London; Thoresby in Leeds; Nicolson in Carlisle), Woodward was a representative symptom of his age, a man of whom Locke, Newton, and Leibniz took note. But for Woodward this was not enough. Though a fanatic celebrant of the Baconian method of observation and experiment, he also had a disabling urge to be first in the field, and always right. Such is the large sense of Mr Levine's subject; and this is the point at which Woodward and the broader cultural picture merge with each other.

The problem with eighteenth-century natural science in general, and antiquarian studies in particular, lay not in its method but in its dearth of observed data. Too often things were studied through the spectacles of books. Before Winckelmann, and before the excavations of Pompeii and Herculaneum, an engraving at second hand was as serviceable to the researcher as archaeological research *in situ*. The famous shield of Dr Woodward was thus a symbol not so much of intellectual error or even dishonesty as of sheer ignorance. The shield was not in fact Roman at all, but a sixteenth-century fake. Since nobody knew anything about sixteenth-century armour at the time, its conjectural identity was forced to conform with what was known.

This "predisposition to believe", as the author delicately puts it, is also evident in another notorious controversy over authenticity, the *Epistles of Phalaris*: In both cases the truth was to be reached by a method involving skills which were at the time hedged about with "ungentlemanly" precision. Bentley's painstaking scholarship was comparative, analytical and philological, but earned no respect and less credence from Swift, even though he was right in his proof that they were spurious. J. J. Scheuzer's *Homo diluvii* (the Augustan Ape's Pitdown Man) could only be identified as the remains of a giant fossil salamander, and not those of a man, by resort to comparative anatomy.

The classical bardolatry of the Augustans was based on, and was confused by, a dilemma : imitation of the classics was desirable, but could only be done well if knowledge of one's models was intimate and scholarly. But the philological skills required for this understanding were associated with pedantry and the degenerate "professionalism" of the "Moderns". Woodward, again, was typical : he had fire in his belly, but the age's prejudices, in his mind, and "in art, as in literature, the neoclassical sensibility triumphed in large part *for lack of scholarship*", as Mr Levine says (my italics).

In some respects the process of imitation is generically linked to theft and impersonation, of course, and perhaps a Roman satirist in a periwig is one of the risks. But Mr Levine would see in Woodward the reverse impulse, i.e. the attempt to make distinctions between "fact" and "fiction" the essence of a scientific method in historical research. Both in retrospect and at the time, the method was right, though the hypotheses and conclusions were wrong. So that the method Woodward used to "prove" that his shield was Roman was the same method used later on (when more examples of such shields were examined) to show that his shield was "a Renaissance object of no use whatever to understanding ancient Rome". As a result the shield now rests ignominiously collecting a little rust in the bowels of the British Museum, while the parody shield of Martinus Scriblerus is burnished by every new scholar of Augustan satire.

Literary values contribute to cultural hierarchies in important ways, but here they are seen to have blurred what is essentially a mutual ignorance. It is enough that Woodward has in part been rehabilitated as a scientist, but another job remains. The wits, as opposed to the virtuosi like Thomas Hearne, are, with the exception of Arbuthnot, given rather scant attention. Their well-known anti-scientific prejudices are summarily discussed, and so is their lamentable fear of textual precision and speculative thought. It is right to look again at the satiric butts of Swift and Pope, not to see who was right or wrong but rather to see how a society measures itself against new knowledge and methodologies which challenge previous orthodoxies and complacencies. But even saying this implies the large dimensions into which Mr Levine's admittedly preliminary study must develop. So far the book accomplishes something very valuable : it tells us what contemporaries thought of themselves, what they did not know at the time, what they did not want to know, and what they were as yet incapable of even guessing. This is perhaps one way of defining what historical research itself is about. It is not, I think, the book which the author has set out to write, "taking the measure of Augustan historiography", although it brilliantly illuminates a key episode in that phenomenon. Like Woodward's own view of stones and fossils, as medals of creation, the book is a kind of medal commemorating a special phase of our cultural and scientific adolescence now obscured by precisely those developments in scholarship and the natural sciences which it first introduced.

One suspects that the dedicated work of scholars such as Hearne, Dodwell and Woodward was too tedious for most of their contemporaries, and may yet be for us. But not for Mr Levine. These, and many more, toiled at the rock face of learning for the sake of a (generally) disinterested scholarly objective, but in the process helped to fashion the institutions which we all recognize on the Augustan landscape, Gresham College, the Royal Society, and the coffee-house culture. If Woodward himself gets submerged in the book's progress, then it is because that is the sort of man he was, busily constructing a universal history when the intellectual world was poised to fragment and rearrange itself into specialisms. In this respect, too, he was the perfect target for the Scriblerian mafia.

Phonic sol-fa

By Pat Rogers

PERCY G. ADAMS :
Graces of Harmony
Alliteration, Assonance, and Consonance in Eighteenth-Century British Poetry
253pp. Athens, Georgia : University of Georgia Press. $11.

Which young poet "very often echoed his phones"? John Keats, no loss. Whose "vowels were even more important to him than were his consonants"? Dylan Thomas, it says here. Name a poet of pessimism whose "[st]'s may be one small evidence that he urged courage and resolution"? It could have been Samuel Johnson, I suppose, but the answer is A. E. Housman. Whose "good ear is almost as important to her success as her clear eyes and her delightful mind"? It could only be Emily Dickinson. But who "employed [d] more than Wilbur Owen (*sic*), . . . or [o] more than Poe"? Alexander Pope, it turns out.

These facts, amid others more weird and wonderful, emerge from Percy G. Adams's study of phonetic devices in poetry. Famous individual poems are characterized thus (I quote the entire reference in each case) : "heavy with vowel repetitions"; "he knew how to employ consonance, as when he ended . . . with two short lines that have five final nasals"; "a longer poem with longer lines, thick indeed with attention-getting phonic echoes". These are respectively *Don Juan*, Collins's "Ode to Evening", and "Sunday Morning". Concerning *The Vanity of Human Wishes* we are told that it has "no more than 80 alliterations in its 360 lines". In *The Medal* Dryden provides the first 100 lines with "40 stressed vowel echoes to go with 25 alliterations". The comment on Gay's *Trivia* informs us that the poem, "as important to the social as to the literary historian and critic, has just a high proportion of sound effects, a fact that may be unexpected when one considers the realistic rather than poetic nature of this, perhaps Gay's best, verse".

Professor Adams is interested in three particular modes of aural patterning, and these almost entirely as they affect stressed syllables. The terms alliteration, assonance and consonance are employed depending on whether the echo is found in initial, medial or final sounds. He also pays special attention to phonesthemes—that is, sounds or clusters of sounds which reinforce a given lexical intention (such as the use of sibilants to indicate swishing or lapping). These terms are set out in an introductory chapter, which has the second function of summarizing the tradition inherited by neoclassical poets. Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton and Denham are given individual attention. There follow essays devoted to Dryden, Pope and Thomson in turn, and a separate chapter in which the author buddles together some twenty eighteenth-century poets ranging from Ambrose Philips and Parnell to Isaac Watts and Edward Perronet. The fullest treatment here is bestowed on Gay and Johnson. Finally comes a review of subsequent developments, rather more derelict on the twentieth century than on the Victorian period.

On the whole Professor Adams is most successful in the areas where such phonetic patterns have always been recognized. His sections on Dryden, Pope and (a shade more surprising) James Thomson are more convincing than his efforts to draw Gray or Browning into the act. There is, for example, an interesting demonstration of the way in which Pope's revisions of *Windsor Forest* permit aural suggestion to be enhanced. Whether the reworking was designed *solely* to achieve this end—as the argument tacitly assumes for long stretches—is a different matter. But the author makes a strong case for the view that "assonance was Pope's favourite acoustic device", and his discussion of both Dryden and Pope amply illustrates the ways in which rhetorical devices like zeugma and chiasmus could be supported by phonic means.

The documentation is exceedingly full and the references to secondary material abundant. Twelve pages are devoted to a single footnote, on the subject of vocalic pronunciation in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. These seem inflated, in view of the fact that Professor Adams can reach no firm conclusions—quite apart from the consideration that this is often an academic point (most modern assonances would still have been so, two or three hundred years back, whatever the precise quality of the vowel or diphthong involved). There are also lengthy reviews of the scholarship on points such as "musicality", metrics, syllable boundaries, and so on. Jargon is not always absent, but technical description does not go much beyond the use of international phonetic alphabet symbols. Phoneticians will not find the discussion very advanced; literary students may feel it is time the counting has to stop. Like Emily Dickinson, Professor Adams possesses a good ear and clear eyes (though I am doubtful if "God and *walk* provide a perfect assonance", whether spoken or sung in Cowper's hymn). It would be exceeding the duties of a reviewer to assess how delightful his mind is. I am left with the irrelevant but niggling thought, "What phonebills had John Keats?"

POSTAGE : INLAND 9½p ABROAD 8½p

SECOND-CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, N.Y. PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE TIMES NEWSPAPERS LIMITED OF ENGLAND INC. 201 EAST 42ND STREET, NEW YORK, NY. 10017.

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of the elder Ruskins: the interference which did so much to poison the marriage.

Ruskin's belief that Effie suffered some sort of "nervous affection of the brain" was not a last-minute rationalization, but a fixed conviction that dates from their first contest of will—a feature of married life for which the harmonious relationship of his parents had not prepared him. Although Effie was nearly ten years younger than John she was an oldest sister used both to the admiration of men and their deference to her wishes. Ruskin, the only child of now elderly parents, was from birth the centre of the family universe. To the solipsistic bias such an unbridged often produces, Ruskin added the egotism of a man with a mission he sees as larger than himself. He naturally expected his wife to recognize the intrinsic importance of his work and to fit herself into the pattern of life he felt that work demanded. Accustomed to the solicitude of their families, both John and Effie used the state of their health to control other people's behaviour. Naturally, each thought the other's chronic complaints to be largely nervous.

By comparing Effie to the Lady Olivia of Mrs Edgeworth's *Leonora* (1806), Ruskin implies that she was wilfully manipulative of the feelings of others and incapable of recognizing ingenuous moral virtue for what it was. (Lady Olivia also advocated the latest French fashions in divorce.) The comparison with Goneril probably refers to what Ruskin saw as Effie's monstrous ingratitude to his parents, and the very extremity of the comparison shows how bitterly the question of the older Ruskins' "interference" divided John and Effie. Both Lady Olivia and Goneril were, of course, deceitful, and, indeed, Effie's flight did involve deception. By her own account, when she first threatened John with the law he raised the question of taking the blame himself, but if she had directly proposed an annulment and he had agreed they would have been guilty of collusion. In any event by the time Effie fled she trusted no Ruskin. Ruskin's bland assertion that he had done all he could for his wife may be true in a formal sense: Ruskin always did what he considered to be his duty. But the formal gestures, including the offer to consummate the marriage in the obvious absence of emotional commitment, must have seemed outrageous, if not hypocritical, to Effie.

Ruskin's chief concern in deciding whether or not to defend himself was not the charge of impotence, but the fact that if he successfully countered Effie's suit he would have left her back. As he properly insisted to his lawyers, Effie had done nothing that would justify his suing for divorce. Had Ruskin been willing to implicate Millais, as he does indirectly here, and argue that he had made sincere offers to consummate the marriage after a mutually agreed-upon delay only to be turned down because his wife had conceived a passion for another man and hoped, by denying him, to have the marriage annulled, Ruskin could probably have gained an unwanted legal victory. (Ruskin, of course, could not foresee the role that reports of his conduct in his marriage and the question of his legal right to remarry would eventually play in destroying his chances of marrying Rose La Touche. Remarriage must have been the farthest thought from his mind in 1854.) Ruskin had no intention of implicating Millais, of course; indeed, he was somewhat more careful of Millais's reputation than he was of either Effie's or his own. He hoped, against all odds, to maintain his professional connection with Millais even after the annulment.

Ruskin's assertion that he found aspects of Effie's person displeasing paraphrases his defence. Too much attention has been paid to the question of what, specifically, Ruskin might have found displeasing in Effie's person on their wedding night, and whether it was a trait peculiar to her or common to all mature women. Whatever triggered it, his revulsion reflects the general religious and literary tradition in which Ruskin was steeped which combined an idealization of the female soul with a denigration of her body: an idealization of spirituality and disgust with sexuality such as that expressed in brief by King Lear on the heath:

Down from the waist they are Centaurs,
Though women all above:
But to the girdle do the gods inherit,
Beneath is all the fiend's.

Given the tradition in which he was raised it is not surprising that Ruskin suffered conflicts over sexuality. But the question of whether Ruskin might or might not have proved potent with Effie or with another woman is itself a barren one.

The most important index to Ruskin's habit of mind contained in this letter does not specifically concern sexuality, but what is implied by the assertion of his power of "turning my mind to its main work & throwing off the grievousness of the hour". Ruskin acknowledges that there might be something wrong in the fact that public concerns moved him more than "domestic calamity". Indeed, it was his apparent indifference to the flight of his wife that puzzled his friends and drove many of his detractors nearly wild. Ruskin seems to have habitually suppressed emotional conflicts in order to free his mind for work both during his marriage and in response to its collapse, but this iron self-control exacted its price. His unusual ability to submerge and contain emotional conflicts in work contributed to his extraordinary fertility as a writer, but as sorrow came upon sorrow in his later life the attempt to exist body and soul in his work became an impossible psychic burden. Regardless of how one classifies Ruskin's eventual mental collapse, the incredible psychic tension under which he came to work must surely have contributed to the attacks of mania that ended his intellectual life.

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Liberals and faddists

By Peter Clarke

D. A. HAMER:
The Politics of Electoral Pressure
A Study in the History of Victorian Reform Agitations
386pp. Hassocks: Harvester. £10.50.

On August 5, 1873, two officials of the temperance pressure group, the United Kingdom Alliance, arrived in Stamford. The borough was corrupt, apathetic and deferential; its Tory MPs had been returned unopposed for a generation. But in 1874 a Liberal candidate was put forward and in 1880 he won the seat. As D. A. Hamer comments: "It is seldom that one can so precisely pinpoint the day on which sophisticated modern politics arrived in the life of a community." For the subject of his thoughtful book *The Politics of Electoral Pressure* is the crucial role of extra-party reform agitations in politicising Victorian Britain. By 1900 the parties themselves had absorbed the demands of mass politics in terms of strategy, organization and ideology. In particular, the Liberal Party had largely assimilated the "faddists" who, hoping that they were digging the foundations of a new democratic system, discovered too late that they had dug their own graves.

This book is primarily concerned with Liberal politics, on which the author has already written with considerable distinction. In earlier books he looked at the problem of sectionalism from the point of view of the Liberal Party leadership. He showed how the party was always in incipient danger from the competing demands of the various causes enlisted under its banner. He suggested too that the great tactical strength of Gladstone's leadership lay in his ability to impose order here by successfully asserting the primacy of a great national issue which could bring all sections into harmony—at least for the moment. Hence Irish Disestablishment (1868); hence Bulgaria (1876); hence Home Rule (1886); hence—abortively this time—the House of Lords (1894). This was a persuasive account of late Victorian politics and those who have entered into historical discussion of this period among sixth-form and undergraduates alike. But Hamer has now, as it were, turned the subject around by looking at it from the point of view of the faddists themselves.

The chief pressure groups examined are the Anti-Corn Law League, the various Nonconformist bodies, of which the Liberation Society became most prominent, the United Kingdom Alliance, temperance agitation is given no less than the repeal of the Corn Laws, for the repeal of the Corn Laws, the campaign for all subsequent reformations. The League had everything to commend it, especially when looked at in retrospect—efficiency, moral enthusiasm, a leader of genius, a well-argued case and, in the end, success at the end of the road. The myth of the League's efficiency had depended on the ambiguity of its campaign of electoral intervention. But its activities transmitted the thrill of power to those who participated, as Cobden shrewdly appreciated. "I know what to suggest but I merely offer my opinion of the necessity of *doing something*", he had written in 1841. All pressure groups relied on the sustaining effect of their efforts for the cause to keep up momentum and morale. A minority of zealots at least conceived themselves that their labours weighed heavier than mere members. One temperance man wrote in 1908: "When the others are eating and drinking in public-houses and clubs the teetotallers are busy at work canvassing, and winning the election."

What did they get for their pains? As it turned out, the repeal of the Corn Laws was an unmixed blessing. The Nonconformists never gained their stamp on the educational system, the Church of England remained obdurately established, and the pubs stayed open. By the end of the nineteenth century all the great causes had become more or less connected with Gladstonian Liberalism, with which they showed irresistible temperamental affinities. The more or less electoral strategies had been abandoned because the faddists were not in practice ready to help the Tories, who emerged even more clearly as their enemies. As one Nonconformist put it in 1872: "We regard the Liberal party as represented by Mr Gladstone as the superior and capable of being 'educated up to our views.'" So it was always a question of trying to bring the Liberal candidate up to the mark rather than exercising a truly independent influence. The consecration of the temperance ethic to the political style of Gladstonian Liberalism has been perceptively examined by Brian Harrison in *Drink and the Victorians* (1971), a work which receives frequent acknowledgement from Professor Hamer. Indeed, it must be said that parts of his present book read as a distinctly pedestrian jog-along paths which have already been broken.

The chief merits of *The Politics of Electoral Pressure* rest in its first four chapters, which offer a systematic analysis of pressure group tactics and a piquant comment upon the dilemmas of the faddists. Part of their difficulty was that each group was built around a single cause, yet members were seldom wholly single-minded in pursuing it. Membership overlapped, suggesting the pull of this first commitment upon the second. Accused of being "men of one idea", one of them admitted that "in truth we have too many". Even when denied satisfaction from the Liberals on one allegedly crucial issue of principle, they usually found other pressing reasons for voting Liberal nevertheless. "Our misfortune", commented an agent for the UKA in 1874, "is that the majority of our friends are such ardent Liberals that no appearance politics must bend in certain circumstances." So the integration of the faddists within the Liberal Party seemed inescapable. They had nowhere else to go. Moreover, Liberalism needed their energies. The result was to give Nonconformist and temperance demands a new priority within the Liberal programme—but to make these demands subservient to the party's general scheme of priorities. This solid and thought-provoking book sheds much light on the process by which this came about.

Thomas Rowlandson's pen and colour sketch of the master of the Angel Inn, Newmarket, is included in Christie's sale of a collection of English drawings and watercolours on February 14

The agricultural lobby

By Norman Gash

TRAVIS L. CROSBY:
English Farmers and the Politics of Protection 1815-52
223pp. Hassocks: Harvester. £5.25.

The English farmer has not on the whole enjoyed a great deal of attention from historians. Too prosperous and conservative to attract the interest of left-wing chroniclers of the class struggle, too uncultured and inarticulate to provide entertaining material for social and political history, he has received from posterity less regard than his position in his own contemporary society might seem to justify. The modern bias towards urban and working-class history has made it easy to forget that until the middle of the nineteenth century Britain was still predominantly an agricultural community. Until 1851 the rural population outnumbered that of the towns; agriculture was the largest single industry; and the farm labourers were the largest single category of worker, constituting about a quarter of all occupied males.

Even when the economic significance of the farming community is given full weight, their political opinions except at a few critical points have not been examined with a tenth of the care devoted, for instance, to the Chartists or the Anti-Corn Law League. Yet it has long been clear that the early nineteenth-century farmers were not merely the electoral infantry of their landlords. They had ideas, policies and much political independence; though they could be led, they could not be driven.

Their views were particularly important in the period immediately after the Napoleonic Wars when Britain, having ceased to be a food-exporting country, was finding it increasingly difficult to supply its own rapidly expanding population. Agricultural policy became therefore an issue of great political as well as economic controversy. It was all the more controversial because the farmers formed a substantial section of the limited parliamentary electorate. Their influence, on a legislature composed mainly of landowners dependent on farm rents, was probably greater than at any time before or since. It was outraged farming opinion rather than the parliamentary pyrotechnics of Bentinck and Disraeli which was responsible for the fall of Peel in 1846.

Yet apart from a few regional studies such as R. W. Davis's examination of Buckinghamshire politics between 1760 and 1885, or R. J. Olney's book on Lincolnshire politics between 1832 and 1885, little has been done to provide a continuous account of the political activities of farmers in the crucial period between the protectionist Corn Law of 1815 and the final defeat of the protectionist party in 1852. It is a complicated story, which moves from the boom period of the war, through the post-war depression, the early protectionist movement under Webb Hall, the flirtations in the 1820s with the inflationary theories of Attwood, the radicalism of Cobbett, and the reformism of the Whigs, the rallying to the Conservative Party in the 1830s, the growing discontent with Peel's free trade policies in the 1840s, the great disruption of 1846, the repeal of the Corn Laws and the frustrations of the 1847-52 period when no politician of stature and experience could be found to advocate agricultural protection any longer.

The merit of Travis L. Crosby's book is that for the first time it drives a firm road through this complicated scene from which future students will be able to survey the landscape and strike out new trails. He has done a considerable amount of original research on material which does not lend itself to easy summary; and he has taken into account work already done, much of it in the form of unpublished theses, by other scholars. His treatment is straightforward and competent; and he has not had room for any extended examination of cross-currents and regional variations. No doubt later historians will make their qualifications and additions. Nevertheless Dr Crosby deserves all the credit due to the author of a much-needed pioneer study. The only important criticism of his book is of the photographic method used to reproduce land in the process in order to avoid the cost of typesetting. Even for young eyes this must impose a degree of strain; for the more elderly it passes the limits of the tolerable. But this is a charge against the publisher, not the author. Dr Crosby's work deserves to appear in a more readable form. Presumably the publishers would argue that it is better for it to appear in this way than not at all; and with that one can only agree.

The Dean at close quarters

By Claude Rawson

NORA CROW JAFFE:
The Poet Swift
190pp. Hanover, New Hampshire: University Press of New England. $10.

Swift's poems are his most personal works, if by "personal" one means something like "confessional" or "autobiographical". The major prose satires (*A Tale of a Tub*, *Gulliver's Travels*, *A Modest Proposal*) have him in scenes of intensity which are highpoints of self-realization, and thus "personal" in another, perhaps deeper, sense. They display combinations of tearaway playfulness and contemptuous fury, of cool distance and unsettling intimacy, of upside certainty and an occasional almost nihilistic doubt, of moral purposiveness and destructive impulse, which are largely outside the scope of the poems. Deep urges of personal display and disguise are simultaneously given their head, so that even in the most vivid passages of anger or delight the author is not allowed to appear openly. Swift's "presence" is always felt and never witnessed, and this passionate guardedness is paradoxically his most characteristic and revealing quality.

In the poems, it is otherwise. Among them are found self-portraits, semi-fictionalized accounts of his personal relationships and of his friendships with women, and some essays in autobiography. He speaks as his own "I" more often than elsewhere, tells us more facts about himself, addresses his friends and enemies "directly". Indirections continue to exist, mock-playfulnesses and real ones, self-deflations and inflations, but they fictionalize or modify, without seeking to conceal or destroy, a self-expression which retains a basic minimum of superficial overness.

It may be, as Nora Jaffe suggests in *The Poet Swift*, that this is why the poems have received less than their due attention. They seem less amenable to the routines of personal-fanciers, and their homespun "anti-poetic" postures ought to deter allusion-hunters. Actually, the pertinacity of the species is greater than Dr Jaffe thinks, and there are more things in the learned journals than her book seems aware of. But the book is the first large-scale treatment since Maurice Johnson's *The Sin of Wit* (1950), a book which appropriately took its title from Swift's own self-description in "The Author upon Himself":

S [wift] had the Sin of Wit no venial Crime;
Nay, 'twas affirm'd, he sometimes dealt in Rhime.

These lines illustrate Swift's conscious sense of himself as a poet, as well as his tendency to write apologies for himself in verse and to undercut them by coy self-depreciating gestures. But the poem actually begins without indirection, in a raw explosive outburst against personal enemies which has the force of a ritual curse. Dr Jaffe dislikes this as "aggressive, self-pitying, and intensely righteous", but it has some of the primitive power of those later hate-poems of which "The Legion Club" is the best-known example. And when the poet moves away from direct attacks on enemies to "indirect" praises of himself, Dr Jaffe seems to desire more "indirection" and not less. She would actually prefer a "persona", some 'a outside observer to comment on the power of his satire and the nobility of his goals" like the one offered in the *Verses on the Death*, to the frankly explosive self-exposure of the opening of "The Author upon Himself", or the limited ironic distancing of that poem's self-praise.

Here, I think, she lacks the courage of her own convictions. She is too ready to take at face value Swift's retreats, in parts of the *Verses*, into an archly protective use of the third person. As contemporaries of Norman Mailer, we know, to our considerable cost in boredom and embarrassment, that third-person narration about an author's own self is hardly a guarantee against solipsism, any more than coy self-ironies are. Dr Jaffe knows that when Swift put his closing eulogy of himself into the mouth of the supposed impartial observer, he was not fas some think) seeking ironically to discount the claims made on his behalf. She rightly asserts that "three parts of the eulogy which deal with his political career" are "straightforward", and knows from "The Author upon Himself" that Swift was capable "of at least slightly heavy-handed self-praise". But she justifies the eulogy on the grounds that "Swift really did feel, and rightly, that he had been of use to Ireland and countrymen". Fair LIBERTY really *had* been all his Cry. This is true, and grounds for pride: but in that case, self-praise by means of an "impartial" commentator inverted for the purpose is an unworthy subterfuge, betraying loss of nerve, false modesty or worse, and one turns with relief to the frankly self-glorying magniloquence of Pope or of Yeats.

The *Verses on the Death* open with La Rochefoucauld's maxim about how we find private satisfaction in the "Distresses of our Friends", and goes on to the well-known (and *self*-serving) confession that Swift himself is not free of envious impulses:

In POPE, I cannot read a Line,
But with a Sigh, I wish it mine:
When he can in one Couplet fix
More Sense than I can do in Six:
It gives me such a jealous Fit,
I cry, Pox take him, and his wit.

Similar compliments are paid to Gay, Arbuthnot, St John and Pulteney. It is a delightful conversation-piece, whose satisfactions are partly those which we derive from Yeats's "In Memory of Major Robert Gregory" or "The Municipal Gallery Revisited": the sense of a brilliant company of gifted friends, each potentially or actually admired by us in their own right, being given fit celebration by one of their number. And yet it is not in the overtly self-mythologizing grandiloquence of Yeats, but in the transparent humilities of Swift, that we sense a calculated and egocentric refocusing of praise back on the author himself. I mean not only the labyrinthine self-applause, disguised as self-depreciation, where satire at his own expense serves to mitigate the force of naked self-compliment:

ARBUTHNOT is no more my Friend,
Who dares to Irony pretend;
Which I was born to introduce,
Refin'd it first, and shew'd its Use;

but also and especially the display of "envy" which really "proves" that he is free of envy: "If with such Talents Heav'n hath blest 'em/Have I not Reason to detest 'em".

The application of La Rochefoucauld's maxim to himself is meant to display Swift's tough-mindedly perspicacious frankness about his own motives as well as being a second-time-round demonstration that he isn't like that really. I find this embarrassing. I have no difficulty in thinking of Swift as a greater figure than all his friends, including Pope, just as Yeats stands head and shoulders above John Synge, Lionel Johnson, Augusta Gregory and the other assorted notables of his own coterie poems. But I prefer Yeats's way of saying "my glory was I had such friends" to Swift's doubtless better-founded but more oblique bids to derive glory from his friendships with the gifted and the great.

Swift was a merciless scourge of solipsism. The mockeries of *A Tale of a Tub* reverberate through those long historic corridors of "modern" self-importance which stretch all the way from Dryden through Sterne and Lamb and Thackeray to those amplified echo-chambers of our time where Mailer lives. He parodied Dryden straight, and the rest in anticipation. But the *Tale's* brilliance resides partly in the invention of its mimicry, and the coy self-regard which Swift mocked in the *Tale* is perhaps what he himself lapsed into in such poems as *Cadenus and Vanessa* (which Dr Jaffe seems to dislike for other reasons) or the *Verses on the Death*.

Talking about himself was, for Swift, a problematic thing, and to the extent that the poems do it more than the prose they are open to special risks. This may be partly why almost all his poems are undercut by an element of parody, as though Swift were determined to indicate that he knew how often poets displayed self-absorption or self-importance, and that he would not fall into this trap. But he was not proof against the subtler trap, where vigilance against self-absorption becomes itself a form of self-absorption.

The normal solemnities of the "lofty Stile" were easier to guard against, and indeed he avoided them even in their ironically undercut forms: there is virtually no mock-*heroic* among Swift's poems, although all of them mock something. His explanation for avoiding loftiness is that in that style "I Shou'd make a Figure scurvy"; the point is seldom understood. Dr Jaffe oversimplifies when she says that Swift professed to prefer a gentle Horatian indirection while really drawn to Juvenalian indignations. His phrase about the savage indignation lacerating his breast was coined for posthumous use, when all such grand feelings could be said to be over, and with all the protective distance and formality of a Latin epitaph: its English form we owe to Yeats, himself no enemy to lofty styles. Very few of the poems ("The Legion Club" is the solo major example) conform to the "Juvenalian" stereotype, even in a loose sense. And, as discerning readers (including Dr Jaffe) have always sensed, it is Pope, the celebrated imitator of Horace, who is really given to postures of Juvenalian majesty. What Dr Jaffe does capture well about the refusal of loftiness in Swift's "Epistle to a Lady", and the poem's definition of the aims of satire, is the fact that "the reader is left to believe, perhaps as Swift himself believes, that satire can torture better than it can correct": this is no more a matter of Horatian urbanity than of Juvenalian denunciation, it is pure Swift.

Parody of the idealizations of conventional love-poetry carried less risk of making "a Figure scurvy", because Swift was less likely to betray a residual attachment to the derided original. The famous "excremental" poems are nowadays well recognized as upside-down versions of the routines of conventional love-poetry. Swift seems to offer larger quantities of erotic "anti-poetry" than of other mock-loftiness not because he needed to guard more against the primary impulse but perhaps because he needed to guard *less*. The lighter poems in the group ("Strephon and Chloe", "Cassinus and Peter") suggest a freedom from any sense of emotional risk which is unusual in Swift, while the grimmer examples ("The Progress of Beauty", "A Beautiful Young Nymph") hardly give the impression that what Swift needed to guard against was an undue predilection for the celebratory forms against which they are played off.

In the Stella poems, however, the parody of amorous poeticisms does coexist with a primary impulse of deep and tender affection. The point is neither to mock the absurdities of others, nor even to deny or protect his own vulnerable feelings, so much as to give these a more precise and vivid definition. When he signposts his avoidance of "*Cupid's* Darts" and the rest, he brings to mind the "anti-rhetoric" of Shakespeare's "My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun", as Dr Jaffe rightly notes. But Shakespeare's sonnet depends more than Swift's poems on the serious survival of the primary convention, and Shakespeare himself wrote "straight" if less extreme examples. Second, Shakespeare's sonnet carries a strong and very sophisticated erotic charge, a sharply sensuous fascination with even the ugliness of the mistress, a vivid blend of *odi et amo* which belongs to the world of Catullus and Baudelaire rather than of Swift.

But the most interesting difference is that whereas Shakespeare declares his love to be as rare as any she belied with false compare, Swift ultimately maintains that the repudiated traditions of "false compare" may well, in Stella's case, be not far from the sober truth. Swift insists that Stella in her youth was indeed as beautiful as poets usually say and that this beauty is matched by her virtue. What middle age has done is slightly to crack the "Angel's Face" without damaging the "Angel's Mind":

Now, this is Stella's Case in Fact;
An Angel's Face, a little crack't;
(Could Poets or could Painters fix
How Angels look at thirty six)
This drew us in at first to find
In such a Form an Angel's Mind. . . .

The tenderness contained in this gruff humour is obvious. What sometimes escapes notice is the extent to which the hyperbolic routines of love-poetry are allowed here to survive, not undercut but revalidated by the frank acknowledgment of unromantic middle-aged realities. In her youth, Stella's beauty was not only unquestionable, but reminiscent of poetic or romance-heroines, and Swift says so, not only in poems but in the private memorandum which he wrote to relieve his grief on the night of her death. The hint of parody, the seeming realistic deflation, actually help to emphasize the portrait's substantial truth: she "was looked upon as one of the most beautiful, graceful, and agreeable young women in London, only a little too fat. Her hair was blacker than a raven, and every feature of her face in perfection".

The Stella poems are unique. The parodic compulsion survives as much as elsewhere, but here it is translated to serve positive, not negative, ends. Its purposes, paradoxically, is celebration. The phenomenon shows how deep the guardedness was in Swift, as well as the remarkable nature of the readiness to drop it in this case: Swift preserves the stylistic shell while standing the mockery on its head.

As everyone knows, Stella is repeatedly praised for the durable virtues which, unlike physical beauty, survive the ravages of time and are therefore more solid foundations for "friendship" (including marital friendship) whatever the sex of the persons. This is also one of the themes of the excremental poems. Swift refers to the necessary virtues as masculine ones, but his point is that they are so not because women are incapable of them, but because society educates women to be ornamental idiots or objects of idealized worship. Swift wanted this changed, and despite his alleged misogyny, is, as Dr Jaffe recognizes, closer to "modern" thinking than those of his contemporaries whose friendliness to women took the customary patronizing form of gallant poetic compliments.

But even this freedom from misogyny should not be simplified. Dr Jaffe is particularly subtle, eloquent and just when she observes that even the good-humoured raillery to Stella contains certain hints of withdrawal and a potential flicker of aggression:

Teasing implies the withholding of something besides commitment. Raillery, however affectionate, is a form of suspended aggression. Stella must always have felt, in reading the poems, that Swift could hurt her if he wanted to. In one sense he was dangling a carrot. In another, he was arresting the downward swing of an ax. These darker aspects do not obscure the primary impression of genuine love. They do reveal the complexity, and perhaps the ambivalence, of his feelings in his most significant relationship with a woman. Swift was entirely capable of desiring to hurt women.

A critic earns the right to report this only when the depth of Swift's feelings for Stella has first been adequately realized. I think Dr Jaffe's credentials are good.

It is good to have a new book on Swift's poems. One might have wished for a more complete coverage of the poems, since no comprehensive synthesis exists yet. Dr Jaffe does not always seem aware of recent scholarship on some of the questions she discusses (on the influence of *Hudibras*, on the "excremental" poems, or on "The Day of Judgement", whose whole meaning has been reinterpreted in an important essay by Maurice Johnson, and which has been much discussed in the past few years). She sometimes fails to use the best editions of authors other than Swift (Donne, Marvell, Dryden) and tends to exaggerate influences and parallels (particularly in the case of Donne and Rochester); but she writes with sense and often with considerable sensibility, and whatever its shortcomings this book will contribute to the reawakening of interest in Swift as a poet. This is long overdue.

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It is good to have a new book on Swift's poems. One might have wished for a more complete coverage of the poems, since no comprehensive synthesis exists yet. Dr Jaffe does not always seem aware of recent scholarship on some of the questions she discusses (on the influence of *Hudibras*, on the "excremental" poems, or on "The Day of Judgement", whose whole meaning has been reinterpreted in an important essay by Maurice Johnson, and which has been much discussed in the past few years). She sometimes fails to use the best editions of authors other than Swift (Donne, Marvell, Dryden) and tends to exaggerate influences and parallels (particularly in the case of Donne and Rochester); but she writes with sense and often with considerable sensibility, and whatever its shortcomings this book will contribute to the reawakening of interest in Swift as a poet. This is long overdue.

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JONATHAN CAPE

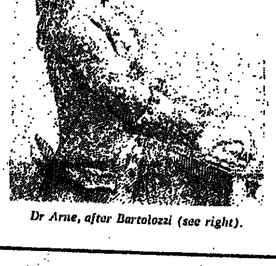
Big red books

Foreign books smell different, but judging by the array of over 500 books from the Soviet Union on display at the National Book League until February 24, glossy art books look very similar the world over. It is true that Russian book designers seem to want to get Lenin on the cover at the slightest excuse; and beneath the familiar face of the Sistine Madonna which graces the cover of *Rescued Masterpieces from Dresden*, the endpapers depict a bombed and ruined city. To Western eyes the overall design of these Soviet books is rarely startlingly original and the arrangement of the script and pagination occasionally discordant. During the years of Soviet power, we are told, over 600 million copies of some 64,000 art books and brochures have been published in the USSR. Orders for Avdrmat's *Rubens* came to over half a million copies, for Chegodayev's chunky tome *The Art of the USA* 125,000. Either the book trade over here should be envious of the power of the printed picture, or it must be grateful it does not have a storage problem of massive dimensions.

The usual, classically ordered format of the picture book is sometimes overlaid with more flashy appeal. *Man and the Universe*, for instance, has a perhole on the cover through which we can gaze at an iridescent sputnik, while the "artistic reconstructions" within look like the sets for *Star Wars*. Art, in the Soviet Union, embraces a wide field of endeavour. The radiant dynamism of progress is strongly represented in a number of books on the homeland. *We are Communists*, one book reminds us, and they glow with health from flats and ploughs, turbines and holiday camps. Art also belonged to the people in the past and we are whisked on a series of photographic expeditions across the republics in the manner of the *National Geographic Magazine*. *Architecture of Northern Russia* shows the abutting cupolas of churches surrounded by frozen lakes and silver birches. *Wooden Architecture of Tomsk* illustrates the elaborate moulded eaves, balconies and window frames of Charles Addams houses constructed in sugar candy. *And Bridges Spanned the Waters' Width* captures the bridges of Leningrad in that soft grainy light favoured by East European photographers.

The applied arts, slightly touched on recently in Jacqueline Onassis's *In the Russian Style*, figure strongly: proving it a richer field than that book suggested. *Russian Applied Art*, beautifully boxed and bound in paper to resemble a pale blue patterned fabric, proves the home product in marquetry, porcelain and crystal was as sophisticated as any in Western Europe. *Russian Furniture* concentrates mainly on the Empire Egyptian style which might have provided a fitting welcome to Napoleon. There are books on enamels and miniatures, rifles and toys and a sumptuous assortment of *Treasures of the USSR Diamond Chamber*. The study of the fine arts also embraces regional collections. The art galleries of Uzbek SSR, of Kalinin and Armenia seem to enjoy a straight run through from the icons, with a passing glance at eighteenth-century powder and nineteenth-century primitive portraiture, into the new dawn of *Socialist Realism*. *Ukrainian Painting* starts with "St Nicetas Taming the Devil" in the mid-sixteenth century and ends up with "Ploughfield (Portrait of A. Guk, hero of Socialist Labour)" in 1972.

A selection of books on foreign galleries and artists provides a window on the world; and it is a pity that beneath the high-definition dust-jackets promoting a series on the world's great museums, including one on the National Gallery, there lurk reproductions of a muddy pallor and blurred focus. In contrast, there are magnificent volumes from the Hermitage on such subjects as Spanish glass, West European sculpture and the Impressionists. There are two superbly produced works on Cézanne and Derain and one on Matisse's graphic work, unfortunately marred by poor quality paper. There are exquisite bindings in leather and carefully mounted portfolios. But the most lavish productions are those devoted to the Bolshoi Theatre: two companion volumes on opera and ballet, bound in such a way as to imitate pink and dusty blue satin under a lacy cobweb, with endpapers of richly encrusted embroidery for the one and a cloud of net and sequins for the other. They should look good on the samovar table.



Dr Arne, after Bartolozzi (see right).

Gaudy nights

I have always sympathized with the Secretary of the Ice Cream Manufacturers' Association who wrote to Wallace Stevens asking if he was for ice cream or against it, for Stevens's poetry, nearly always great, is nearly always puzzling. *Exploration*, which is on, at 10.30 pm, at Hampstead's Theatre at New End until February 16, is a compilation from his writings, and it is a measure of its success that in just over an hour it gives a very fair idea of his greatness—a much fairer idea than the recent memorial programme for Robert Lowell gave of his—and by means of its general high spirits and intelligence resolves several of the puzzles. Certainly, "The Emperor of Ice Cream", spoken as it is with the "gaudiness" recommended by Stevens himself (the first verse, that is; the second is properly more subdued), would have answered the secretary's question: Stevens was for it.

The programme is devised and directed, with considerable inventiveness, by Kate Beswick, who is also one of the actors, the other two being John MacLeod and John Gordon Stewart. It includes some straight biographical information and an outline of Stevens's theories of poetry as well as nine of the poems themselves; mostly the better known ones. We have "Thirteen Ways of Looking at a Blackbird" (fourteen, if you count the contrankerous creature on the programme cover), "Sunday Morning", "Anecdote of a Jar" (spoken with such conviction as to make the placing of a jar in the middle of Tennessee seem a sensible thing to do) and "The Idea of Order at Key West", where, again, the arbitrary Ramon Fernandez, whose name Stevens said he drew out of a hat, is brought completely to life.

The programme would be an excellent introduction for newcomers to Stevens's work but caters, too, for buffs, aficionados and those who believe in the Age of Stevens. Such often quoted lines as "Looking for what was, where it used to be" and "It is the grave of Jesus, where he lay" come out quite fresh. Some of the odder adjectives are spoken reflexively, as though their oddness was being savoured. The rhythm, except in one or two instances, is scrupulously though not slavishly considered. Kate Beswick speaks "the dark/Encroachment of that old catastrophe" as if it was an alexandrine; most effective.

Patricia Beer

Fifty years on . . .

Jerome: 60deg. Latitude Nord by Maurice Bedel, which had won the 1927 Prix Goncourt, was reviewed in the TLS, *of February 9, 1928:*

A young French author goes to Oslo to superintend the translation and production of a play he has written and has produced successfully in France. He falls in love with a Norwegian girl, Uni Hansen, becomes engaged to her, and in the end the engagement is broken off. That is the plot of the novel which has just won the Prix Goncourt. *Jerome* is a little in the tradition of the international novels of M Paul Morand, but is more conventional and less witty. Much of the book is occupied with descriptions of Norwegian manners, ideas and peculiarities, written in a manner which is doubtless more amusing to French readers who know nothing of Norway than to English readers who know that it is a highly civilized and enlightened country. The fact that Norway differs from France does not necessarily make it humorous, as M Bedel seems to think. His fun is very superficial, and though it is sometimes funny, this is quite as much because one is amused by the author's French "insularity" as by his wit.

The other theme in this novel is the difference between the French and Norwegian theory and practice of love. Jerome is a romantic who likes his affairs to be clandestine and complicated. . . . He is completely and quite deservedly nonplussed by the healthy-minded frankness of Uni Hansen. As he discovers, Norway possesses the most reasonable marriage laws in the world, and furtiveness is entirely alien to the spirit of the race. Thus Jerome is amazed to find that when he makes love to Uni she expects to be betrothed to him at once as a matter of course. He is actually surprised to find that marriage is a matter, not to be determined by the girl herself and not by her parents. . . . Jerome is all at sea, and falls out of love with Uni as quickly as he fell in. On the last page we leave him quite consoled by Lene Larsen who had lived for a number of years in Paris and understood the charm of brief and secret amours.

Tunes of glory

Wagner thought that the first eight notes of Thomas Arne's song "Rule, Britannia!" summed up the whole character of the British nation. It must have come as an unpleasant surprise to him that in 1839 his "Rule, Britannia!" overture was rejected by the London Philharmonic Society on the grounds that the theme was "too commonplace". A score of Wagner's overture is one of the works on show at a small commemorative exhibition of Thomas Arne (1710-1778) in the British Library until April 23. Other works on display include engravings of Arne (there is one by Gilray), portraits of his family, pictures of places where his music was performed, various documents including a draft of his will, and musical scores both printed and manuscript. One manuscript score is a violin sonata soon to be published in an edition by John Parkinson, who organized the exhibition. The neat manuscript, evidently a fair copy for performance, makes a striking contrast to the tumultuously written Handel manuscripts on permanent exhibition only a few yards away.

The important composers working in England in the eighteenth century were foreigners: we think of Handel, J. C. Bach and Haydn; Arne has some claim to the position of the leading English composer of the period. He carried on Handel's dreaded legacy to English music of oratorio, but also worked in a native English tradition of ballad opera and song. If not much of his work survives today at least he has a few enduring monuments: a setting of "Where the bee sucks" from his incidental music to *The Tempest*; "Rule, Britannia!"; and, in a way, "God Save the King". To be sure, Arne cannot be claimed as the composer of "God Save the King", but his arrangement is the earliest that survives, and "God Save the King" was not generally accepted as our national anthem until after Arne's arrangement was sung at Drury Lane as an expression of loyalty during the Jacobite rebellion of 1745. One of the singers on that occasion was Arne's sister Susanna Maria, for whom, incidentally, Handel composed the contralto arias in *Messiah*, and who later became famous as the tragic actress Mrs Clibber.

Arne's music touched English life at many points: *Alfred*, from which "Rule, Britannia!" comes, was first performed at Cliveden before Frederick, Prince of Wales. He set *Comus*, Fielding's *Tom Thumb*, and wrote incidental music to *As You Like It*. He was not only composer for Drury Lane, but for Vauxhall and Ranelagh Gardens. Now his slight, insipid, but graceful music appears in gramophone catalogues—it deserves an occasional hearing.

A passion for consensus

By Ronald Gray

HEINRICH BÖLL:
Missing Persons And Other Essays
281pp. Secker and Warburg. £6.50.

In the early years after 1945, there was one comfort to be had by anyone watching for Germany to recover. Whereas much of what was written after 1918 had been heady stuff—gruesome evocations of Armageddon, fervid ecstasies about *the* New Man who was expected to arise from the holocaust, extremes of hope and despair—the mood of writers like Brecht and Böll after the Second World War was more sober, more likely to allow a cool look at what materials could be dug out of the rubble to build a humane tradition. Böll gave his ruminative attention to the minutiae of the present moment. The detail of everyday life fascinated him, though not in a naturalistic or antiquarian spirit. As he says in *Missing Persons*, this collection of essays and reviews written during the past quarter of a century, he has a reverence for the past, for his family's past, and for everything that exists now but will soon never exist again. Of his mother he writes, "I want the one hair of the head that has fallen to the ground".

It becomes increasingly clear that the biblical care for the fall of a sparrow is the origin of Böll's painstaking descriptions of such processes as the working of a coin-operated telephone. Nothing human or for that matter non-human is alien to him. Like Brecht, he takes reality as a *Messingkauf*, in the spirit of a rag-and-bone merchant, finding unexpected valuables. It has to be admitted, though, that novels written in such a mood of total acceptance can have their longueurs. Böll's half-serious proposal to make a travel-film showing nothing but the hands and faces of Soviet citizens queuing up to see Lenin's tomb shows his concern for people rather than politics, but the result could, at any great length, be a bore, and an element of boredom is present, for me at any rate, in the slow pace and repetitiveness of some of Böll's writing.

The fact that so much of this book is devoted to Russia (together with another holy mother country, Ireland) and so little of it to Germany, is revealing. Unlike Brecht, Böll is close, in the extent of his compassion, to being an Alyosha Karamzov. But a German Alyosha of Böll's generation has had to confront experiences more testing than any that Dostoevsky imagined. Alyosha was not conscripted as Böll was into the armies that spread hatred all over Europe, he never had to recover from the realization that his gun had been defending the creators of Auschwitz, Buchenwald, Mauthausen. That is Böll's invisible worm—really invisible, he never alludes to it; but there is no ignoring it.

Unlike most of his generation, he has not tried, understandable though it would have been, to blot all that from memory. Like the boy visited by a country doctor in Kafka's short story, the wound in his side will not heal. But though like Kafka he can perhaps see the wound as a rose, he does not romanticize. From out of his patient, sometimes whimsical account of Germany's rapid rise to unheard-of-luxury, traffic jams and pollution, there is an occasional outburst, alien to Alyosha, of a mood like that ascribed by Böll to his friend Solzhenitsyn, a kind of "divine bitterness".

German war-memorials, he suggests, should not carry inscriptions using words like "Fatherland" "Nation", or "God", nor should war-cemeteries be beautified by planting trees. The proper inscription would be the one word that every German soldier used, a word that was pronounced billions of times throughout the length and breadth of Europe between 1939 and 1945, a word which he hires as a spoof letter to an innocent high-ranking cleric:

> It was used casually, at every opportunity: when a date failed to show up, when someone was arrested, when tête-à-têtes fell flat, when wounds were too serious or too light, when leave was refused or came to an end, and I even recall someone, Excellency, casually uttering it after missing out on hearing Mass and receiving the sacraments; when women or girls became pregnant—or did not—that was the word!

Not much guessing is needed, though Böll goes to the length of suggesting His Excellency might think of laxatives. And to understand the laconic horror with which he looks at Germany's fairly recent past, you have only to imagine the reaction of any normal German to his proposal. Few will face the possibility that not just the SS, but the whole of the German armed forces of thirty-odd years ago, ought to (and secretly do) stink in their own nostrils as much as in high heaven.

This distinctively German dilemma helps to account for other unexpected outbursts from a man whose tone is Franciscan when he is describing Moscow shoeshiners or a small girl carrying turnip-tops. It is startling to find him in 1967 seeming to arouse those terrorists who have ever since been an only partly welcome burden round his neck. For that deviation he has been hounded by much of the West German press year after year; since Hans Martin Schleyer was killed he has been branded as a "spiritual instigator of terrorism", and *Quick* has said without reservation that the Bölls are worse than the Baader-Meinhofs.

It is not so strange a fate for a man trying to look at the past without blinkers. Recent German history, to say nothing of the history of other countries, almost prohibits a full look at the worst, and Böll's acute dissatisfaction is incomprehensible to a nation that has won the World Cup. Yet the fact remains: Böll has, as he has admitted, partly brought this witch-hunt on his own head.

It was in 1967 that he received one of the highest literary awards, the Georg Büchner Prize, and chose to speak entirely about Büchner himself—not about *Woyzeck* or about *Danton's Death* so much as about the revolutionary views Büchner sometimes voiced, when he was not indifferent or despairing. Böll would have hit the headlines even harder than he did, if he had quoted the motto of Büchner's underground pamphlet *The Hessian Courier*, published in 1834 when Metternich had imposed a network of police spies throughout Germany. He did not say "War to the palaces, peace to the cottages". But he did quote words from one of Büchner's letters which had, as he indirectly put it, "political immediacy":

> What I believe is this: if anything can help in our time it is force. We know what we can expect from our princes. Every concession they have made has been wrung from them by force. Young people are being criticised for the use of force. But are we not in a perpetual state of force?

It was early days after 1945 to be saying this about Germany. In fact Böll was right in so far as he meant that Büchner's pamphlet might be published to good effect in Persia. But the identification of Persia with Germany, introduced by the shooting of Ohnesorg by police in connection with a visit by the Shah, was apparent only to extreme radicals, and Böll did nothing to lessen it. Disillusion dating from before 1939 prevented him from seeing that the two countries were far from indistinguishable.

By 1967 Germany had experienced parliamentary democracy for only a few years more than under the Weimar Republic, the first such experience in all its history. Certainly it was outrageous to see old Nazis still in office, to see the vast supermarkets stocked with more goods than were to be had when Germany was deliberately losing Europe, to see the Rhine turned (partly by the French) into a sewage canal. But Erhard's and Adenauer's Germany was far from being Metternich's, the processes of parliamentary democracy had barely got under way, and there was no truth at all in contending that the generation of the 1950s and 1960s had obtained all they had by force. Böll's Büchner lecture, unguarded, uncharacteristic, played into the hands of reactionaries even more than of conformists.

In some ways the lecture was not so uncharacteristic after all. One's instincts are all with Böll in his situation, and he needs protection against any more accidental disruptions of his family life like the one recently inflicted by the Cologne Chief of Police. Yet there is something in that apparent volte-face that is not peculiar to Böll but has long roots in German literary history. He himself recalls that a German writer who appealed to him as a young man almost as much as Dostoevsky was Heinrich von Kleist, a man who wrote work after work exemplifying combinations of charity and love with violence and brutality. Was Kleist's Michael Kohlhaas, "the most upright and at the same time most horrifying man of his times", that horse-dealer whose indignation at minor injustice led him into devastating vast tracts of his country, in any sense admired by Böll in his youth? Behind that question lies a larger one: what tradition of compromise has there been in German literature for the past two hundred years? Any answer that failed to take note of Lessing, Lichtenberg, J. P. Hebel, Harry Graf Kessler, to name only a few, would be inadequate. Yet the predominance, since at least the time of Hegel, of paradox, dialectics, and other manifestations of Mr Facing-Both-Ways, renders the position of each new German author difficult. He looks to his past and as often as not finds it as ambiguous as his own present. Böll, in turning to an author who had the compassion to create a Woyzeck, was at the same time turning to a politician who both demanded instant revolution and at the same time shrugged off all action as pointless.

The image we had of Böll in the early post-war years was, then, misleading. For all his sobriety there was something of the "all or nothing" mood of the post-1918 generation in him. Even his compassion could work equivocally. Take for instance his account of the Russian occupation of Prague in 1968, which by sheer chance he witnessed. The response of the Czechs who stood in front of moving tanks, pulled open the hatches and forced the crews into not always unfriendly disputes, has all his admiration. He wishes the wrathful eyes of the Prague women could be equipped with laser beams. Here at last he sees democracy at work, in spontaneous cooperation, not channelled through officials. But he sends his account, paradoxically, with the incident of a young Czech who, after taking a snap of the temporarily blindfolded statue of John Hus, refused to obey a Russian soldier's order to hand over his camera. While a crowd of gypsies gathered, telling the Russian to mind his own business, pushing the gun-barrel away from the young man's chest, Böll was urging him not to make a fuss, to give up the camera, not to make a mountain out of a molehill. When finally the Russian gave up and marched back to his squad, Böll's thoughts were rather of the punishment the Russian was likely to receive for his failure than of the Czech's successful defiance. "For the first time in twenty-three years and a few months", he writes, "we had once again seen how senselessly someone could have died. And all because of a camera. I had no use for the young man's 'courage'."

Not having seen the deaths Böll has seen, one must respect his concern for the sheer preservation of life at any cost. Yet it was not "all because of a camera". The Czech's resistance was not a matter of holding on to a valuable piece of property. The demand for the surrender of that particular soap was meant to humiliate; the refusal may not have been without some admixture of national pride, and yet was surely close to a quality Böll admires much in Pope John XXIII. It is because Pope John would allow of no humiliation, whether of Jews or Protestants or even of the "godless", that he has Böll's deepest regard. The young Czech may not have had the humility of Pope John, which Böll describes as "that most terrible force to be found on earth", yet one might have expected him to win more of his sympathy than the disgruntled oppressor. Böll's acquiescence in authoritarianism rings oddly after his call for violence in the previous year. One is reminded of Brecht's denunciations of the Federal Republic, coupled with a complete absence of outspoken opposition to the Russian presence in Berlin in 1953. Like Brecht's Galileo, Böll seems to say "Unhappy the land that needs heroes", and that message has no resonance for Czechs since Dubček.

At the root of these inconsistencies there may well be something of that ambiguous relationship with Russia which Germans have felt for centuries. Not that Böll's deep compassion for the Russian people is felt simply because he is aware of what they suffered during the German invasion of 1941-45. Germans have often felt themselves drawn towards Russia, whether as missionaries or as a bulwark for the West, or to represent to the West their affinity with Slavs. Rilke, Thomas Mann, Kafka, Brecht have all gone further than any French or English writer in that *Drang nach Osten*, in one or another of its forms. What looks most Slav in Böll is his desire for consensus, communion, something more than brotherhood as the Enlightenment understood it—a passion amounting almost to intoxication, such as Böll reveals in his project for filming Moscow queues, and such as Alyosha would have understood.

Against this background, English and French writers stand out as more individualistic, accepting dissension, debate, protests and strikes with less sense of tearing a seamless coat. When Germans protest, it tends to be against a cosmic order which they may simultaneously, in a conscious paradox, be "affirming", crucifying what they love. There is no echo of the great outcries of Voltaire and Zola in all German history: no "Ecrasons l'infâme" and no "J'accuse" no *affaire Calas* or *affaire Dreyfus*. An almost Buddha-like compassion, a "Sichhineinfühlen" makes that almost unthinkable. One either welcomes fervently what here and now is, or dismisses it for the worthless temporal allure it displays.

Böll's radical liberalism is better understood with all that in mind. Yet it is not merely a question of understanding. The passion in him, the reverence he feels for those Moscow shoe-shiners, the reverence for the one hair of the head is not so easily felt by the rationalist or the debater. Such unity as a particular state can gain through mutual toleration sometimes looks pale against the heartfelt unity of a family millions strong.

To mark Heinrich Böll's sixtieth birthday (December 21, 1977), his publishers have produced a commemorative cased set consisting of an appreciation of his work by Bernd Balzer and a book of extracts from interviews and Böll's occasional writings (Cologne: Kiepenheuer & Witsch).

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To the Editor

'The Politics of the Judiciary'

Sir,—If my students were to tell me that E. P. Thompson said the opposite of what he said, they would not be allowed to claim that the real mistake was Minogue's. In whose review they read it (January 6; Letters, February 3). For I would expect them, as I would expect Minogue, to get the views of authors they quote right, even if they use cribs; especially authors whose views they ought to know about. If they failed to understand the question under discussion, they would not be allowed to get away with it. Law, as Royden Harrison pointed out (Letters, January 27), is particularly interesting because it is simultaneously *both* the necessary framework of an ordered society and the guarantee of its members' rights, *and also* the expression of class rule. That—it is also E. P. Thompson's point (Letters, January 27)—is precisely what Minogue refuses to discuss. If, finally, my students were to suggest that logically a position they disliked, say Minogue's, must inevitably align its holder with another position which could be guaranteed to be rejected by all readers, say Himmler's, I would not be surprised if Minogue—quite rightly—claimed to have been traduced. Nor would I expect him to be mollified, if they pointed out that his indignation "diverted [him] . . . from understanding the serious and interesting philosophical questions involved". Perhaps this *ad hominem* illustration will persuade Minogue that his bringing together of Professor Griffith and the Baader-Meinhof group calls for a quick apology rather than prolonged and intellectually unimpressive defence of untenable positions.

E. J. HOBSBAWM.

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Sir,—I am finding great difficulty in getting to grips with the argument of your reviewer, Mr Kenneth Minogue, who seems to veer between meaning what he does not say and saying what he does not mean (January 6; Letters, January 20, February 3).

I understood him, for example, to suggest that the criminal is not in dispute with the State, a proposition running entirely counter to a common law tradition which antedates Coke or Hale's Pleas of the Crown. Apparently, however, he meant to say only that all trials are not political trials, a proposition which Professor Griffith would surely not dispute. So where does that leave us?

Mr Minogue appears to be defending a declaratory theory of law according to which judges declare the law by the application of pre-determined legal rules to specific fact situations. But this fiction has largely failed to survive the onslaught of American realism. Recent writings by respected members of the judiciary suggest that, in the main, English judges have abandoned the positivist position. Indeed modern judgments contain sophisticated discussion of the role of policy in decision-making. Lord Simon, for example, has recently remarked: "It is all right to say 'Let justice be done though the heavens fall'. But you ask us to say 'Let logic be done even though public order be threatened' which is something very different" (DPP v Majewski 1976 2 WLR 623, 651).

In other words, legal logic must sometimes give way to policy consideration. This appears to conflict with Mr Minogue's analysis—always assuming I have correctly perceived his meaning.

Professor Griffith seeks to identify some of the factors which shape the discretionary element in adjudication. It may be that Mr Minogue would prefer to express this element as "the policies of the judiciary" or "the politics of the common law". But Professor Griffith's position is certainly not so extreme as Mr Minogue pretends. Or is even the overt acknowledgment that such an element exists too radical for Mr Minogue?

CAROL HARLOW.

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'In Pursuit of Coleridge'

Sir,—I should like to thank you for the generous space given in your issue of January 13 to the review by John Beer of my book *In Pursuit of Coleridge*. He has said some handsome things about my work, but he is mistaken on a point of some importance and I should be grateful to be permitted a correction.

He insists wrongly that I broke faith with the committee that helped me in the final stages of securing the S. T. Coleridge collection of Lord Coleridge for the British Museum. I must put the facts straight again though I took pains to do so in my book. Beer refers to Humphry House's distress at the export, later, of another Coleridge collection to Canada: "His case, as I recollect it now, was that there had been an understanding among all involved that, if further manuscripts became available, every effort would be made to bring them to the British Museum. . . . He could not accept that 'giving first refusal' to the Museum was adequate reason for breaking this unofficial agreement. . . ."

But there was no such understanding, now elevated into an "unofficial agreement".

The committee, invited by Professor Willey and me, on my instructions from the Pilgrim Trust, to prepare a report, consisted of Edmund Blunden, Basil Willey, E. M. W. Tillyard, Harold Nicolson, House and me. It came on the scene quite late in my negotiations of several years. It was an ad hoc committee and there was no agreement, official or unofficial, about any further action; the sole function of the committee was discharged with its successful appeal to the Pilgrim Trust.

Nevertheless, it is true that all the members agreed with my strong conviction that Coleridge manuscripts should ideally be in one place, the British Museum. When I was informed in confidence of the availability of the second collection, I obtained permission to try to place it in there, which naturally I made strenuous efforts to do. After having failed with the Museum, in order to keep the collection intact I brought it to Canada. In the particular circumstances time was of the essence. I was not free, even if there had been time, to consult anyone, nor did any other member of the committee claim a right to be consulted.

I found House's anger not only unjustified but a little ironical in all the circumstances: I admired House in many respects, as I hope is clear in my book. Up to that point, and even after it, we managed to keep personal and professional feelings quite distinct. I should think it fairer in a reviewer, who elaborates on the one incident in my story which makes him think I was insensitive to this outstanding man of letters, to have cited as well some of our amiable and scholarly exchanges, or at least my last overall statement: "He was not always fair to me, nor did we much like each other personally. On his death was, for me, the editor of the notebooks, a loss I still feel."

I cannot resist turning the tables a little to protest against Beer's "insensitivity" to my dear bluff, gruff friend, Geoffrey Coleridge, in whose common sense and understanding we owe the fact that I was able to initiate the arrangements by which so much Coleridge is now in the British Museum. Beer has missed the twinkle in the eyes, and the warm affection in all the banter. He need not squirm (if he does so on my behalf) at "Bonkie"; I couldn't take myself so solemnly; it was a term of endearment, as well as fun-poking, and I loved it. The theme of my book was meant to be a sharing of all the joys, excitements and variety of life that make up the enormous good luck of working on STC. Both Humphry House and Geoffrey Lord Coleridge were essential parts of that bounty.

KATHLEEN COBURN.

Victoria College, Toronto 181, Canada.

Sir,—John Beer's cordial review (January 13) of Kathleen Coburn's *In Pursuit of Coleridge* rightly praises that book and gives the credit to the learning, judgment and assiduity which she has so long devoted to providing us with scholarly editions of Coleridge's work. About Mr Beer's reservations over her references to Humphry House I have nothing to say, since the facts are not within my knowledge. They do prompt me to draw attention, however, to her account of her dealings with the Clarendon Press over her proposal to publish Coleridge's notebooks. Perhaps not surprisingly after the lapse of forty years, her memory does not seem to correspond altogether with our records or, where she describes the meeting between her and Kenneth Sisam, with the probabilities.

Professor Coburn (pages 54-5) dates this meeting at the Clarendon Press to the summer of 1936. In fact, it took place on July 2, 1937. She rightly says that the Press consulted E. K. Chambers and that he was opposed to a complete edition. His grounds for opposing it, however, were not wholly financial. He thought that a calendar of the notebooks and the publication of selected important passages, which would include both unpublished and previously published matter, would be sufficient.

E. K. Chambers was not the only adviser concerned, however. Because it was felt that his lack of sympathy for Coleridge might prejudice his judgment, the opinion of Edmund Blunden was also solicited. He also recommended a selection, though on a more generous scale.

In February 1938 Professor Coburn submitted formal proposals for either a complete edition of the text which she estimated at about 950,000 words, or a selection which would amount to a text of about 750,000 words.

Further discussion with advisers and correspondence with Professor Coburn followed and in November 1938 the Delegates decided against the complete edition, but, as Mr John Mulgan explained to Professor Coburn, they were still prepared to consider a volume of selections.

Chambers's views about the financial prospects would not have been decisive for the Delegates, as Professor Coburn's narrative suggests. On such questions, they would have relied on the judgment of their own officers and it is quite likely that Chambers's opinion on this matter was not even mentioned.

The decision of the Delegates may, in hindsight, have been wrong: but it has to be considered against the difficulties and anxieties of those post-Depression and pre-war years and against the fact that they already had heavy commitments for major editions of major works by English writers.

Professor Coburn also says that, when she reopened the subject (in fact, in the summer of 1946), she was told that publication was impossible "because of a rule of the delegates that anything turned down on financial grounds may not be brought up again". I am not myself aware that such a rule ever existed but I would guess that what was meant was that, in the absence of any fresh considerations, the Delegates could be expected to abide by their previous decision if the proposal were again put to them. And, in 1946, the Delegates were desperately trying to use their meagre resources and rationed paper to build up stocks of urgently required textbooks. In any case, when Professor Coburn discussed the matter with me on July 18, 1946, it was primarily to ask if we would object to her approaching two other interested publishers.

I rehearse these facts, at a rather tiresome length, largely for the sake of the record. The discrepancies between this account and Professor Coburn's, however, may support my doubts about her recollection of her conversation with Kenneth Sisam, to whom I am anxious that injustice should not be done. When she entered his office, according to her book: Sisam "threw back his head and laughed. 'How did you, pray, a young chit like you—colonial and all that' (turning on a charming twinkle to which a certain kind of Englishman resorts when he wishes to offer insults to a lady or a child)—'and, if I may say so, not meaning to be rude, a young woman too—manage to get that stuff?'".

To anyone who knew Sisam, and his concern for young scholars of either sex, that is a highly improbable speech. He was himself a New Zealander and if he used the word "colonial" at all it would have been in the expectation of her hearing the ironical quotation marks of a fellow "colonial". Nor, after knowing him as a colleague and friend for some thirty years, can I imagine him ever using such a phrase as "a young chit", let alone of all with the intention of giving offence.

D. M. DAVIN.

Oxford University Press, Walton Street, Oxford OX2 6DP.

Erasmus Darwin

Sir,—I greatly appreciate the lengthy and knowledgeable review of my new biography of Erasmus Darwin, *Doctor of Revolution* (December 30, 1977). The reviewer, Dr Roy Porter, was satisfied that I did not explicitly state the relation of the new book to my previous and much shorter book, *Erasmus Darwin* (1963). The answer is simple: the new book supersedes the old, which has been out of print for several years. In my view there is little resemblance between them. The earlier book was structured by subjects and had only one biographical chapter; the new book is chronological and is predominantly biographical, and draws greatly on some 200 letters of Darwin, which I am now editing for deposit in the Royal Society Library and possible publication.

Writing this new book has convinced me that there are great advantages when authors write twice on subjects that interest them—first a short introductory book, then a definitive work benefited greatly from the flow of interesting information from new known correspondents who write to me as a result of the earlier books.

DESMOND KING-HALE.

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Photo-reprints

Sir,—I write (with apologies for my lateness) about the review (December 16, 1977) of two photo-reprints published by Paradigm in association with Magdalene College—*Regnart the Foxe* and *The Pleasures of Pierce Plowman*. I think that in fairness to their editor, Professor J. A. W. Bennett, it should be pointed out that his introductions (which your reviewer criticizes as too brief) contain information not easily available elsewhere. As for the remark about the *Pierce Plowman*, that "readers will need to refer to a modern critical edition" there is no such edition of the Crowley work nor would one be feasible. These two works, the reviewer thinks, are "not so much produced" as the other two reprints he reviewed. He is entitled to his opinion, of course, but he omitted to mention their prices. They cost less than the other—£7.45 for the *Regnart* and £8.95 for the *Pierce Plowman*. They are printed on antique-laid paper and bound in waterproof buckram with gilt tops.

R. C. LATHAM.

Pepys Librarian, Magdalene College, Cambridge.

Among this week's contributors

MICHAEL ARIS is a Research Fellow of St John's College, Oxford.

JULIAN BALDICK is a former fellow of the British Institute of Persian Studies, Tehran.

P. A. BRUNT is the Camden Professor of Ancient History at the University of Oxford.

ARTHUR CALDER-MARSHALL'S recent books include *The Innocent Eye*, 1963, and *Lewd, Blasphemous and Obscene*, 1972.

PETER CLARKE is the author of *Lancashire and the New Liberalism*, 1971.

G. B. CORBET works in the Department of Zoology at the Museum of Natural History, London.

MICHAEL CRAWFORD'S *The Roman Republican Coinage* was published in 1973.

THEODORE CROWLEY is Professor of Scholastic Philosophy at the Queen's University, Belfast.

CLAIRE CROSS's *Church and People 1450-1660* was published in 1976.

NORMAN GASH's books include *Reaction and Reconstruction in English Politics, 1832-1852*, 1966, and *Peel*, 1976.

ROMAN GAY's books include *Franz Kafka*, 1973, and *Heart—a dissenting view*, 1977.

STUART HAMPSHIRE's books include *Freedom of the Individual*, 1965, and *Freedom of Mind and other essays*, 1971.

PETER HEBBLETHWAITE'S *The Runaway Church* was published in 1975.

R. A. HUDSON is the author of *English Complex Sentences: An introduction to systematic grammar*, 1971.

SIR DAVID HUNT'S autobiography, *On the Spot*, was published in 1975.

T. W. HUTCHISON'S *Knowledge and Ignorance in Economics* was published last year.

P. N. JOHNSON-LAIRD is the author (with George A. Miller) of *Language and Perception*.

MARY LUTYENS's books include *Millais and the Ruskins*, 1967, and *The Ruskins and the Grays*, 1977.

MARTIN MCCAULEY is a Lecturer in Russian and Soviet Institutions at the School of Slavonic and East European Studies, London.

KENNETH O. MORGAN is the author of *Lloyd George*, 1974, and *Keir Hardie*, 1975.

DAVID PEARS's books include *What is Knowledge?*, 1971, and *Sense, Questions in the Philosophy of Mind*, 1975.

J. G. PORTER was formerly Principal Scientific Officer at the Royal Greenwich Observatory.

CLIVE T. PROBYN is a Lecturer in English at the University of Lancaster.

CLAUDE RAWSON's books include *Henry Fielding and the Augustan Ideal Under Stress*, 1972, and *Gulliver and the Gentle Reader*, 1973.

PAT ROGERS is the author of *The Augustan Vision*, 1972.

VERNON SCANNELL'S *Not Without Glory: poets of World War II* was published in 1976.

JEFFREY L. SPEAR is Assistant Professor of English at Princeton University.

ALFRED STEPHENSON is the Secretary of the Antarctic Club.

ANNE STEVENSON'S collection of poems *Enough of Green* was published last year.

F. M. L. THOMPSON'S books include *Victorian England: the horse-drawn society*, 1970, and *Hampstead: building a borough 1650-1964*, 1974.

MICHAEL WALTER'S *The Language of Communism* was published in 1972.

The Trobriands

Sir,—I must object to one of the examples used to support the case against sociobiology in Vernon Reynolds' review (January 13) of *The Use and Abuse of Biology. An Anthropological Critique of Sociobiology* by Marshall Sahlins. Contrary to Malinowski's description of the Trobriand father as "stranger" to his own children, which both Professors Reynolds and Sahlins emphasize, a Trobriand man is thought to contribute directly to the growth and development of his child while it is still in a foetal stage, and following its birth, as it grows into adulthood. According to my recent field research in the Trobriands (*Women of Value, Men of Renown*, reviewed in the *TLS*, October 14, 1977) a man establishes significant relationships with his own children, and the cultural implications of these relationships are woven in very complex ways into Trobriand beliefs about reproduction. This misrepresentation, however, is indicative of a more general problem in the relationship between sociobiology and ethnology. The same ethnographic examples are used by both sides to support their opposite positions. A particular favorite is the matrilineal society—the Trobriands being the most spectacular example—where, we have been led to believe, men invest whatever men have to invest in their sisters' children, rather than in their own children. Sahlins and Reynolds use this example to argue against sociobiology. Others use the same example to show that patrilineal societies are far more stable (biologically speaking) because men invest in their own children and therefore in their own genes. One wonders what happens to both arguments when the ethnographic example, now raised to the level of popular belief, is wrong and we find ourselves guilty of reducing complicated patterns of human behaviour to very simplistic "primitive" definitions.

ANNETTE B. WEINER.

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Japanese Prints & Western Painters'

Sir,—I am sorry that Frank Whitford (December 16, 1977) is displeased with my review of his *Japanese Prints and Western Painters*. He takes me to task for doubting the direct Japanese influence on the Nabis. But I did not. I quoted (with approval) Bernard Dorival's comment that the second generation of the Impressionists would have been *as much* influenced by Degas's and Monet's *japonisme* as by the prints themselves. The fact that Bonnard was called *le Nabi très japonard* doesn't alter that.

My point about Mr Whitford's reference to Monet was that he related the Impressionists' misunderstanding of the Japanese print (not in dispute) directly to the Nymphéas series, which I felt to be unhelpful at that point because the influence there clearly comes not from the prints so much as from the screens and sliding doors, which Mr Whitford does not mention at all in this connection.

These are not big matters. I only mention them in the hope that Mr Whitford won't continue to feel that I have given his delightful book only a "passing glance".

MICHAEL SULLIVAN.

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'The Famine Business'

Sir,—Robert Cusson tells readers (January 13) that in *The Famine Business I* "scarcely" mention that famines are usually caused not primarily by lack of resources, but by political disruptions or economic inappropriateness, which make the resources unavailable; yet that is precisely what the whole book is about, spelt out in what the publisher feared was over-emphatic detail in the first chapter, and in fact the point of the book's title. The only thing I do scarcely mention is the name of Marx, which Cusson picked up, though I do point out (another section that eluded Cusson) the great conceptual and practical differences between the "Marxist" agriculture of the Soviet Union and of China. The latter's record certainly is not "mostly poor". I am glad Mr Cusson found the book "benign and enjoyable"; but is he sure he was reading the right one?

COLIN TUDGE.

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'The Unicorn Tapestries'

Sir,—Geoffrey Grigson, in his review of Margaret Freeman's *The Unicorn Tapestries* (*TLS*, January 6) writes: "Mightn't [Margaret Freeman] have quoted . . . from Rilke's *Orpheus* sonnets . . .?" Yes, indeed, and there is more from the same poet as evidence of the "Moving power of the existence or persistence in our minds" of the unicorn.

On June 9, 1906, he took Sima Friedl to see the tapestries; as Rodin's secretary he was perhaps a privileged visitor to the Hôtel de Cluny (one of those "châteaux that on ne visite pas"?), and the dedication of his poem "La Dame à la Licorne" shows he was told that "La dame" was a noble lady of the house of Le Viste (Delle Viste):

Frau und Erlauchte: sicher
kränken wir
oft Frauen-Schicksal das wir nicht
begreifen . . .
ihr aber wollt nur *diesen* Wunsch
gestillt:
dass einst das Einhorn sein
herrliches Bild
in eurer Seele schwerem Spiegel
fände.

(Woman and princess: female destiny,
transcending us, what wrong we
often do! . . .
though your sole yearning is now
that it eventually
may find its image shining
peacefully
within the heavy mirror of your
soul.)

Rilke's poem "Das Einhorn", of the previous winter, indicates that this may not have been his first visit. Later, he wove the tapestries—so carefully observed and described into Malte Laurids Brigge's notes on "Frauenschicksal" and "die grossen Liebenden". Mrs Freeman would have found Leishman's translations of the poems, and Linton's of *Malte*, still very much in print.

From his words in *Malte*, it seems in fact that the tapestries were not all that inaccessible to the public in the early 1900s, or at any rate to art students. Were they already then, and still in 1922 as Leishman assumed in his edition of the Orpheus sonnets, in the Musée de Cluny and, perhaps, on loan from the La Rochefoucaulds?

DONALD PRATER.

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Bibliographies

Sir,—Your compositor made it appear that I described Stephen Spender's contribution to H. R. Kaufman's bibliography of his work as "a modern preface" (January 27). What I actually wrote attributed to it the more ancient virtues of a "modest" one.

EDWARD MENDELSON.

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'Baretti'

Sir,—Since an London book seller appears to stock Maria Asaldi's biography *Baretti* (reviewed in the *TLS* January 20), I have been unable to ascertain whether the inaccuracies of Filippo Bonfiti's review originated with him, or with the book itself. For the record, Baretti was never a member of the Streatham Club, which broke up five years before he was born. And it would be a very brave—and intolerant—person that would accuse Johnson, with his house at Johnson Court full of indigent misfits, of intolerance.

D. L. NOKES.

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'Die Urszene'

Sir,—Hans Keller's review of my last book *Die Urszene* (January 13) may have baffled a few readers. He courteously acknowledges that I have "some very sensible things to say". He graciously concedes me "one important piece of psychiatric insight". He acknowledges that I have written "an extraordinarily well-documented volume". And then he proceeds to vent his political spleen upon a book I have not written.

Not one single solitary aspect of the book that he criticizes actually occurs in the book. The entire description of its contents—lock, stock and barrel—is invented by Mr Keller. He does not review my book; he reviews his political apprehension, and project them into my words.

It does him honour that he admits my book has driven him into "making an astonishingly humourless public issue" out of his "unqualified hostility". But might it not have been wiser under these circumstances to desist from reviewing it? Or from pretending to review it?

I beg to doubt whether someone who calls himself "one of the most undepressive characters that has ever walked this globe" should review books on psychoanalysis. For psychoanalysis requires that we view ourselves a little more humbly. And with just a little more freedom from sexual vanity. To call an analyst who happens to like women "a feminist chauvinist pig" is not exactly the tone of balanced language that we have learnt to expect from the *TLS*.

Mr Keller's knowledge of English is so limited that half the time his readers will be as puzzled as I am by what he may be trying to say. Three examples:

1 "It is not failure of adjustment that is pathological, it is what the child and the grown-up are pressed into adjusting to."

2 "The steep, slippery slope under the feet of the revolutionary, of the anti-collectivist whose own, rebellious collectivism gives him the delusion of individual guts, makes him regress into inhumanity at the breathtaking speed of a downhill race." Can anyone tell me what these two sentences can *possibly* mean? To me, someone raised in England, it sounds like Teutonic gobbledegook.

3 "I can assure Dr Bornemann that the extermination of six million Jews—or, for that matter, the unspeakable horrors of the Crusades, or the atrocities his 'comrades' commit at the time of writing in psychiatric hospitals and elsewhere—would never have become possible without the courage and self-sacrifice he admires." Does Mr Keller really mean that "courage" and "self-sacrifice" are required to exterminate six million Jews? Or to commit horrors during the Crusades? Or in psychiatric hospitals? If not, he should learn English before he commits his views to paper. Whatever he may actually have meant to say, I can assure him that I do not consider those who commit such deeds to be my "comrades".

Now to the point. Mr Keller makes ten statements about my book, and all ten are false. To wit:

1 "The title is, fortunately, untranslatable." It isn't. James Strachey translated it in 1931. It has been a standard term of psychoanalysis ever since: "The Primal Scene". Should a reviewer who knows so little about psychoanalysis review books on psychoanalysis?

2 Bornemann is "a pupil of Wilhelm Reich". I am not. I have never said so. No such statement occurs in my book.

3 Bornemann "pinched his *Urszene* from Freud". He did not. This is a book explicitly dedicated to Freud's concept of primal scenes. Nowhere in my book occurs the suggestion that I had "invented" or "discovered" the term.

4 "All that Bornemann "has done, in fact, is to agree or disagree with Géza Róheim's fanciful explanations of the effects of some of his childhood experiences, and replace them with his own when he disagrees. But of what is being interpreted we get no evidence". Untrue. Géza Róheim suggested that children's rhymes might tell us something about Freud's concept of oral, anal, phallic, latency, and genital stages of development. We have interviewed close to 5,000 children during the past seventeen years to ascertain whether this is true or not. It is by far the largest study ever undertaken to investigate childhood sexuality the world over. The longest chapter in my book (147 pages) reports our findings. In addition, three volumes of evidential reports have been published by Walter Verlag in Switzerland, the house that also publishes Carl Jung, Jean Piaget and Jacques Lacan in their original tongues.

5 Bornemann was ignorant of the fact that Freud's concept of the child as father of the adult stemmed from Wordsworth. But it was I who first pointed this out in 1934.

6 "Dr Bornemann is cross with virtually everybody because he almost got himself into trouble with the criminal law in both Germany and Austria". I have *never* got myself into trouble with the criminal law in Germany *or* Austria. I am an official of the Austrian Labour Party which governs my nation and I am used to arguing with my political opponents, but I have never been "cross" with them and certainly not with "everybody", whoever that may be.

7 "Dr Bornemann's trendily neo-Marxist politics". The book is an autobiography (which Mr Keller, for some inexplicable reason, conceals) and it recounts sixty years of work in the Labour movement. It is neither "neo"-Marxist, nor "trendy". Unless that "trend" began in 1932 when I first became a member of a socialist body.

8 Bornemann believes "in the immortality of the socialist and communist soul". I don't. I don't believe in either, and I haven't claimed to do so anywhere in my book.

9 Bornemann claims "that the real criminals are the German authorities who persecute the Baader-Meinhof group". No such claim, either literally or by the faintest shade of implication, occurs anywhere in my book.

10 Bornemann commits the lunatic metaphor: "political inactivity has made us go to the dogs on which we sit". No such sentence occurs anywhere in my book.

In the four decades that I have read the *TLS* and written for it I have come across a good many reviewers that have dealt critically, even savagely (rightly so) with books they disliked. But I have never encountered a review which *invented* the book it was supposed to deal with. Nevertheless, there are consolations. The editors, journalists like myself, will be pleased to discover that Mr Keller calls my book "journalistic". Perhaps not so pleased, however, that he defines journalism as that kind of literature which "prefers reaction to research, revulsion to reflection, sensation to sense".

ERNEST BORNEMANN.

Psychological Institute, Salzburg University.

Sir,—Hans Keller's review (January 13) of Ernest Bornemann's *Urszene*—in Germany almost unanimously rated as one of the major works of 1977—culminates in a strangely jealous attack on Bornemann's affection for women in general and his mother in particular: "Not only has the world an chance of ever seeing the like of Mrs Bornemann's unique educational influence again, but the whole female sex is, henceforth, placed well above ours. Not to put too fine a point upon it, Dr Bornemann is a feminist chauvinist pig. . . ."

I've often seen Bornemann on German and Austrian television, but I've never met him or his mother. However, I'm a feminist chauvinist pig myself—I work as a male in a group of Austrian feminists. Shame on me. I am, however, a socialist on top of it all. And finally, like Bornemann, I'm a British citizen teaching at an Austrian university. All this causes me to be a bit prejudiced in his favour. But not half as much as I'm irked by Keller's damn *Besserwisserei*—his maddening assumption of knowing it all.

His proposition that anyone who believes in socialism is either demented or morally insane strikes me as so sweeping a thought that it should have disqualified him from reviewing any left-wing publication. His obsession that we betray psychoanalysis by submitting it to the test of Marxism amounts to discrediting Reich, Fenichel, Fromm, Marcuse, Bloch, Adorno, Horkheimer, Lacan, Deleuze, Guattari, Foucault, Basaglia, Jervis—in short the entire elite of post-Freudians. A bit much to take from someone whose own contribution to psychoanalysis is zero.

MALCOLM CANN.

Sozialistische Frauenbewegung (Österreichs): Männergruppe Oberösterreich, A 4021 Linz, Austria.

Lost American Fiction

Sir,—The reviewers of the latest volumes in the Lost American Fiction series (*TLS*, December 23, 1977; January 20) have mistakenly referred to them as the final volumes in the series. The Lost American Fiction series will continue to publish four volumes a year. The 1978 volumes are *Through the Wheat*, *Delilah*, *Fast Ons* and *Infants of the Spring*.

MATTHEW J. BRUCCOLI.

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Between wanting and doing

By David Pears

IRVING THALBERG:
Perception, Emotion and Action
A Component Approach
142pp. Oxford: Blackwell. £3.75.

ANTHONY KENNY:
Will, Freedom and Power
170pp. Oxford: Blackwell. £6.

Anthony Kenny and Irving Thalberg approach the philosophy of mind in different ways. Thalberg applies a single idea to a large variety of problems and claims that it dissolves them. His method is therapeutic and in each case his idea is intended to release us from a dilemma by showing us how to combine the advantages of thesis and anti-thesis without their disadvantages—Hegel in Freudian clothes by Wittgenstein. Kenny takes a single group of related problems and uses a rich variety of resources to solve them. His method is constructive and his theory traditional in form. The main lines of its content are also traditional, though much is original—in contemporary reconstruction of Aristotle and Aquinas.

The idea developed by Thalberg is that a complex event is divisible into component events. For example, an urban uprising can be analysed as a number of incidents, each less than the whole but each contributing to it. The idea is, of course, not new, and all the interest lies in the uses that he makes of it.

He makes his most successful use of it when he applies it to the question of how many actions a person performs when he does something complicated, such as destroying the enemy by releasing missiles by pressing a button by moving a finger. One answer is that this is a single action describable in four different ways. Another, antithetical answer is that four different actions are performed. Both thesis and antithesis concede a special place to the movement of the finger, the latter calling it the "basic action", but the former distinguishing only its description as "basic". The dilemma might seem unacceptable, because the thesis might seem to imply that the agent really does no more than move his finger, while the antithesis might seem to imply that he has more to do after he has moved it. The thesis also faces the deeper objection, that, if destroying the enemy and moving the finger really are the same action, they ought to end at the same time.

Thalberg proposes a way out of the dilemma. The four actions of the antithesis are not four distinct actions, because the second takes up the component events of the first and adds to them, and so on. On the other hand, they are not the same action, because the second contains at least one more component than the first, and so on.

If this releases us from the dilemma, it does so by distinguishing two factors relevant to the identity of actions, sameness of event-components in the basic stage and in the non-basic stage. Together they amount to the sufficient condition of identity of action, but when one of them is absent, the effect depends on which of them is absent. If what is lacking is sameness of event-components in the basic stage, we have a sufficient condition of non-identity of action, which we would not have if all that was lacking was sameness of event-components in the non-basic stage.

On the face of it this violates the law of excluded middle, because failure of identity does not entail non-identity. However, there are signs that Thalberg is really using two distinct criteria of identity, each of which would respect the law of excluded middle. One is the criterion adopted by the thesis, sameness of event-components in both stages. If this is what he is doing, he has not superseded the thesis and antithesis, but he has succeeded in explaining their persuasiveness.

There are two kinds of event-component that exercise an especially strong influence on the identity of actions, those that happen in the agent's mind and body, and those that count as the intended achievements. The two kinds occur at opposite ends of an action, but in perception they occur at the same end and even overlap, because the achievement is within.

In his treatment of perception Thalberg underestimates the effect of this conjunction of special influences. If, as he claims, it is wrong to identify seeing with some neural effect of the object seen, it is certainly not as wrong as it would be to identify an urban uprising with an arbitrarily chosen component incident. In fact, those who do identify seeing with a late effect, neural or phenomenal, usually distinguish between two kinds of seeing, minimal and total, in order to accommodate his point that seeing is really the whole complex event that starts from the object seen. If, as he thinks, "minimal seeing" is not really seeing, there must be another way of specifying it. In any case, those who do use the word "seeing" in its specification are certainly not confusing the total event with one of its later components. So when he formulates the causal theory of perception as the theory that perceiving is caused by the object perceived, it is not vulnerable to his true observation that a component of a total event cannot be its cause.

Nor does it succumb to the criticism that an object cannot cause a perception of itself, because a minimal perception of an X is by definition one of a kind that is normally caused by an X, and the connection between an X and a perception of an X cannot be causal if it is guaranteed not by a law of nature but by a definition. For a minimal perception of an X is distinct enough from the X that is perceived to be its effect, even if it is of a kind that is defined as normally caused by an X. Indeed, it could still be the effect of the X that is perceived even if it were described in a way that implied that it actually was caused by that X. Genuine Palmers really were painted by Palmer, and so too were some paintings of the kind normally painted by Palmer. Thalberg makes a similar point about actions, but, surprisingly, he does not extend it to perception, leaving the invalid criticism of the causal theory unanswered, though unendorsed.

In general, he exaggerates the therapeutic effect of distinguishing a total event from its components. Naturally, the best effect is achieved when it is a question of counting events. Causation, as he realizes, lays over them a network which can be understood only with the aid of greater philosophical resources. The solution of the problem of free will demands even more extensive resources, but he claims to be able to circumvent it by distinguishing total events from their components. This claim is not substantiated. Nor is his claim that the same distinction will dispel the idea that all that I perceive is my own sensory field.

His analytical device, like any other, has its limitations. If it is credited with the power to deal with problems beyond its competence, the problems will be underestimated. The idea that philosophy is a form of therapy also contributes to this result. For what a practitioner says to his patient goes less deep than what a theoretician says in a report of his research. If philosophy is a kind of therapy, the three roles must be combined and the standard of depth must be the theoretician's.

Kenny's theory is that the human will is the ability to act for reasons and that practical reasoning is the source of its freedom. He takes it to be free in two different ways: people sometimes do things because they want to do them (the liberty of spontaneity) and sometimes, when they do them, they could have acted otherwise (the liberty of indifference). It is, he thinks, the defeasibility of practical reasoning that produces this freedom. Because it is impossible to list all an agent's wants in his premisses, any argument for a particular course of action may always be defeated by the addition of another premiss mentioning a further want. He claims that this freedom is compatible with physical determinism but incompatible with psychological determinism.

This is an ambitious theory and, in order to establish it, he has to deal with a number of difficult subjects. His contribution to each of them is valuable. He builds on Thomist foundations and, though the superstructure is complicated, he develops it on the whole with admirable clarity.

It is, nevertheless, not clear where precisely Kenny locates the source of our freedom. In Chapter 2 he seems to endorse our reluctance to ascribe free will to animals and, consistently with this, he locates its source in something that he restricts to humans, acting for a reason. He concedes that we do allow that animals act for reasons, but not, in the elaborate way that is open only to those who are capable of practical reasoning. An animal may do something because it wants to do it, without constraint and with the kind of knowledge of what it is doing that comes out in its later recognition that it has been done, but, though this is voluntary action, he does not count it as full action for a reason. Because animals lack language, they cannot give reasons for their actions, and, therefore, he argues, cannot fully have them. He also thinks that their lack of language deprives them of any conception of themselves as agents, and that they cannot form long-term plans, but these are both necessary conditions of practical reasoning.

After he has drawn this line between animals and humans, it is surprising to find that in Chapter 7 Kenny ascribes to animals both the liberty of spontaneity and the liberty of indifference. For this gives them free will, even if they cannot make our elaborate use of it. Why then did he locate its source in the defeasibility of practical reasoning?

Perhaps his idea is that the voluntary actions of humans and animals are both free, because in both cases the voluntariness excludes psychological determinism, but that the exclusion works in a special way in the human case, because it depends on the defeasibility of practical reasoning. For practical reasoning would necessitate its conclusions if it were indefeasible. So freedom of the will requires defeasible practical reasoning only in this sense: the practical reasoning, if any, must be defeasible.

If this is the right interpretation of Kenny's theory, it locates the source of free will in wanting, whether or not the wanting is regimented by practical reasoning. If an organism does something because it wants to do it, then it must be in its power to do it or not to do it. His idea is that voluntariness and the power on which it is based are incompatible with psychological determinism, because, if actions were linked causally to wants, they would be constrained. So much is clear but, of course, controversial.

However, when the organism is human, it is not so clear why Kenny thinks that free will requires any decision to be defeasible. Suppose that a decision has been reached by practical reasoning and that it is rational. Then the rational action would not be any less free if the decision were indefeasible and the power to act otherwise were merely the power to act irrationally. The power to act otherwise does not have to be associated with the power to decide otherwise rationally.

In order to understand Kenny's theory, we must see why he rejects psychological determinism. He rejects it because he believes that wants preserve the openness of alternatives and so insulate actions from determination by circumstances. But is this openness secured, quite generally, by the non-deterministic nature of the link between the want to do a particular thing and the doing of it? Or is it secured by the special fact that in cases of practical reasoning the link is non-deterministic only because the decision is defeasible by an inexhaustible supply of further wants? If openness is secured in the second way, it is not clear why it extends to cases in which there is no practical reasoning. If it is secured in the first way, it is not clear why practical reasoning has to be defeasible when it does occur.

Kenny's idea that actions would be constrained if they were caused by wants is vulnerable to the objection that necessitation is not constraint when it is channelled through wants. True, free will may include the liberty of indifference, but only because it is part of the meaning of the phrase "free will", and not because the liberty of indifference is required for the liberty of spontaneity. If the phrase does have this meaning, it is reasonable to ask whether anything corresponds to it in reality, and a negative answer, itself not unreasonable, would not carry the implication that nobody would ever do anything because he wanted to do it.

In any case, the question whether wants cause actions has to be answered directly, whatever the effect on voluntariness and free will. Kenny's answer is negative, not because he thinks that they do not cause actions in any sense of the word "cause", but because he thinks that it is not true that they necessitate actions unless something interferes with their operation. The two strongest arguments for this answer are, first, that wants are not causal tendencies, because causal tendencies conflict, and sometimes possible to give a complete list of them, but no conflict it is never possible to give a complete list of them; and second, that it is not always right to treat a want as something that moves from the action that it prompted to necessitate unless something interferes.

It is hard to see how any of the second argument could be agreed. Undeniably there is a difference between wanting and doing than is found without wanting and the employment can exist alone and do so in cases of frustration. The distinctness allows it to be an efficient cause of doing even if it is the only event. True, it would not be the want to do a particular thing if it tended to produce the doing of that thing, and this suggests that if wants are the efficient causes of actions, there must be some sort of differentiating them before they produce their effects. But the want to do a particular thing and the doing of it each is the want to do a different thing. This differentiation between each want to its action, however, Kenny concedes, not in a way that excludes efficient causation.

It is a separate question whether wants necessitate actions in the sense of interfere. The relevant predicate, "something", "satisfying a want", is ambiguous. The first argument is intended to establish that they do not, but it, too, is not a conclusive argument of either kind. It says that the special fact that in cases of practical reasoning the link is non-deterministic only because the decision is defeasible by an inexhaustible supply of further wants? If openness is secured in the second way, it is not clear why it extends to cases in which there is no practical reasoning. If it is secured in the first way, it is not clear why practical reasoning has to be defeasible when it does occur.

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Forms and meanings

By R. A. Hudson

S. K. SHAUMYAN:
Applicational Grammar as a Semantic Theory of Natural Language
184pp. Edinburgh University Press. £8.

S. K. Shaumyan is a leading Russian linguist, now at Yale, and this book is presumably intended as a contribution to linguistics (for instance, it contains lengthy discussions of phonology and morphology). However, most linguists will find it very hard going, and may well feel that the light which it throws on the nature of language is insufficient to make the effort worthwhile. It makes lavish use of algebraic formalism (partly specially developed for this book and partly taken over from the author's earlier work on his version of categorial grammar, called "applicational grammar") and much of the discussion, especially at the start of the book, is in very abstract terms, so that no reviewer can be quite sure that he has fully understood the author's thinking. This is a great pity, because Shaumyan has some interesting ideas at all levels of language, from semantics to phonology.

In outline, his theory seems to be a version of generative semantics, in which very abstract (and relatively general) structures representing meanings are taken as the input to a derivational process in which they are gradually transformed into a series of separate operations, a surface syntactic structure, then into deep and surface morphemic structures and finally into the surface phonological structure. Like many versions of transformational linguistics, this theory postulates a universal grammar for individual languages, which strains, both their form and content, but unlike other linguists who sees this universal grammar itself a complete language, a "genotype language", which he calls i-L, with a full set of universals at least at the semantic level, representing any meaning that any language. Individual natural languages ("phenotype languages") contain this universal language and a number of other idiosyncratic rules. Another significant difference compared with most other theories is that Shaumyan's semantic structures are built around a "locative" relation, being "source", "goal", "place" and "object" (though he uses rather different terminology).

The theory is illustrated by analysis of sentences from many languages, mostly Russian (the language originally written in Russian) and appears to "work" for all the examples given, so we cannot dismiss it as a philosopher's dream. Many of the analyses given, however, are inherently implausible that our knowledge should take the form of derivational rules, whether those are parts of an orthodox transformational grammar or an unorthodox grammar like those Shaumyan envisages. The problem is that a derivational approach implies that we can only represent a sentence to ourselves as a very large number of separate structures in an ordered series, whereas it seems much more likely a priori that we shall find that we represent sentences in our minds as a small number of structures (maybe just one structure) in which there are many types of interrelation shown in the same structure.

In general, the presentation of the theory is poor, with very little attempt to explain why it should be as it is, rather than as other theories are. Indeed, there are virtually no references to the work of other linguists (or even to Shaumyan's own earlier work), and the book badly needs some kind of general introduction. It is not even clear whether it has been published in some form before, in the Russian version. Another weakness is that the heart of the matter—the rules for relating meanings to forms—is only reached halfway through the book, and so far as I can see the technical apparatus developed so laboriously in the first half is hardly used at all in the second. The overall effect is most confusing, and one can only hope that Shaumyan will make another attempt at explaining his ideas, only when its transference of predicate from step to step was necessary. Naturally, we could not judge an argument until we had found out which of the two predicates it was transferring.

It still could not be claimed that either of the two predicates, or their conjunction, is an exact analogue of truth. For a speaker ascribes truth to a theoretical proposition when he asserts it, but, when he says "I want this and", he is not ascribing either of the two predicates to it, because both belong to it tautologically, and, when he argues, "Therefore I want these means to it", he is doing more than ascribing the two predicates to the means.

The explanation of these facts, and of the need for the two predicates, should begin with a point stressed by Kenny: in practical matters what is done has to match a plan. Now, in order to form a plan, one must start with an end and transfer one or both predicates from it to the means. Since both belong to the end tautologically, they only express the interrelations of possible wants without implying that the speaker actually has them. However, there are two related predicates, derivable from Kenny's chosen predicate, which do signify actual wants when they are ascribed to means transferred to the means, viz "sufficient to satisfy a want" and "necessary to satisfy a want". To say that an end possesses one of these predicates is to say something contingent, in spite of the fact that, when the want is identified by the end that is wanted, the ascription of the predicate to the end is tautological given that the want exists.

Now, as Kenny observes, the correct ascription of such predicates to ends is determined simply by what the speaker happens to want. His wants themselves do not have to match anything: they simply exist and practical steps have to be sufficient or necessary to match them. Similarly on the theoretical side the facts do not have to match anything: they simply exist and assertions have to be sufficient or necessary to match them. This is the deep disanalogy between a want and an assertion and it goes some way towards explaining why practical reasoning needs the two predicates: they are the analogues of the whole truth and nothing but the truth about a given situation.

It also helps to explain the defeasibility of practical reasoning. This defeasibility is a consequence of the fact that an action that satisfies a single want may fail to satisfy a larger set of which it is a member, and, similarly, an assertion that matches a single fact may fail to match a larger set of which it is a member. However, the similarity between these two failures is incomplete at this early interesting point, and the next thing would be to explain why.

Kenny tries to base practical reasoning on a single predicate, "satisfying a want". He also uses the word "conclusive" in a different sense, maintaining that an argument is conclusive if, because it makes sure that result. This, he thinks, yields an analogy with theoretical reasoning, which is conclusive when it is deductive but not conclusive when it is inductive. On the other hand, even the conclusive kind of practical reasoning is, according to him, defeasible, because its conclusion may always be defeated by an argument starting from a further want. Theoretical reasoning has no analogue to this, because the conclusion validly drawn from true premisses remains true however many further premisses are added. How is this to be judged against other possible ways of figuring out practical and theoretical reasoning? It would certainly be clearer to restrict the word "conclusive" to its ordinary use and to call an argument "conclusive"

Picking up the rules

By P. N. Johnson-Laird

ELIZABETH BATES:
Language and Context
The Acquisition of Pragmatics
390pp. Academic Press. £14.15.

One of the most extraordinary aspects of the way in which children learn their mother tongue is how easy it is. To teach a child to read and write requires a manifest effort on the part of both pedagogue and student, but it requires no effort at all to teach a child to speak and hear. Indeed, it is said that Frederick II, King of Sicily and Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire, once had some orphans reared in strict silence in order to find out what language they would speak as their inborn tongue. A monstrous experiment by our standards, but one can grasp the thought that lay behind it; before one condemns the idea as a piece of medieval foolishness, it is well to recollect that Noam Chomsky, the doyen of transformational grammar, has argued that part of a child's innate mental endowment is a set of constraints on the grammars of all possible natural languages. Without these constraints, he claims, a child could not induce a grammar from the fragmentary and sometimes ungrammatical utterances of parents and peers.

The case with which children pick up their language lulled philosophers into the view that St Augustine had said all that was worth saying on the topic when he spoke of learning the names of objects from his elders' ostensive definitions. The lull was not broken until in the last century a number of investigators began to keep detailed records of children acquiring language. Such studies remained spasmodic until the advent of transformational grammar some twenty years ago.

Psychologists have since found out much about the sorts of utterances that children produce and understand at various points in their linguistic development, but little about the underlying mental mechanisms. An ability to imitate is, of course, a prerequisite, but investigators have learnt most from those systematic solecisms that cannot be explained as simple errors in imitation. Young children regularly say such things as "Why it don't turn off?" "Nobody don't like me", and "Put on it". It seems as though they treat adult utterances, not as noises to be regurgitated parrot-fashion, but as data to be used in developing their own grammatical rules. This process is largely outside their cognizance—if only, one feels, adults could switch off their introspective awareness, then perhaps they too could readily assimilate languages. It is also largely ignored (or undetected) by parents: they seldom reward children for speaking grammatically.

The fashion in studying child language changed, perhaps because the fashion in linguistics changed. Semantics came in, and the new aim was to elucidate what children's utterances meant. Investigators discovered that children are masters at communicating with limited syntactic resources: they simply rely on the context of their remarks to make plain their meaning. (So, of course, do adults, but this doctrine was dangerously heretical for dedicated Chomskyans.) A child might utter the words, "Daddy book", and seem to mean on some occasions that Daddy is reading a book, and on others that a particular book belongs to Daddy. I say "seem to mean" advisedly, because it is very nearly impossible to discover what a child actually means on any one occasion. Children will obviously make clear that you have misunderstood them—or, at least, they seem to do so—but since *they* may be misunderstanding *you*, there is a limit to what conclusions can be safely drawn.

How do children acquire the meanings of words? At least we can be sure that Augustine was wrong. Adults do not usually go about drawing children's attention to objects and repeatedly naming them. Nor even a judicious addition of latterday behaviourism will save this idea. Children are very good at making rapid, intelligent guesses about the meanings of words, sometimes based on the appearance of objects and sometimes on fast, fleeting, function. They do so about words used in ordinary conversation, and repetition is often surprisingly unnecessary—a single occurrence of a word may leave its semantic mark. They also readily pick up clues about the meaning of a word simply from encountering it in a context of relatively familiar words, and will even invent words in order to refer to things if there happens to be no handy label around in the conversation. It is as though meaning is often inside a child's mind seeking an outlet in words rather than outside waiting to be fed in by adults. The truth is that investigators have had little success in unravelling child semantics than they had with child syntax.

And so we come, with yet another turn in fashion, to the acquisition of pragmatics, and to Elizabeth Bates's *Language and Context*. In the past, pragmatics has often been treated as a waste-paper basket into which has been dumped whatever syntax and semantics will not accommodate. What Bates has in mind, however, are those aspects of language identified by Wittgenstein and subsequently explored by the Oxford philosophers, J. L. Austin, H. P. Grice and P. F. Strawson. She wants to understand the way in which children learn how to do things with words: how they develop the ability to make statements, ask questions, frame requests. Such speech acts are dependent on a working knowledge of several aspects of intentional communication. A child must learn the rules of the various language games, the conventions governing conversation, the ways in which speakers demarcate what they are presupposing from what they are asserting, and how utterances relate to their contexts. In order to elucidate these matters, Bates and her collaborators at the Consiglio Nazionale delle Ricerche, Rome, carried out a series of observational and experimental studies of Italian infants. Her book reports the results in sufficient detail to satisfy her professional colleagues.

As soon as children are able to speak they express intentions, and so in order to establish the antecedents of speech acts Bates examined the behaviour of very young children. She was looking for signs of an intention to communicate, and she found them. For example, she reports the following behaviour of a thirteen-month-old girl: "C. is seated in a corridor in front of the kitchen door. She looks toward her mother and calls with an acute sound *ba*. Mother comes over to her, and C. looks toward the kitchen, twisting her shoulders and upper body to do so. Mother carries her into the kitchen, and C. points toward the sink. Mother gives her a glass of water, and C. drinks it eagerly." Bates argues that drawing an adult's attention to an object or an event is a precursor to the act of making a statement, and that getting an adult to do something as a means to a goal is a precursor to making a request.

Later observations recorded the growing use of actual utterances as components of such acts. At first, a word seems to be uttered simply as part of the act, and only gradually is the passage into full speech acts achieved. Single words tend to be blurted out as comments on whatever is going on in front of the child. When two-word utterances occur, the order of words is often determined by an extension of this principle: the child utters his comment and then names the topic. The identification of this pragmatic principle was made possible by studying Italian speakers; the correlation between subject and topic, and predicate and comment, is much tighter in English, and it would probably be impossible to tease apart their respective roles in the order of children's two-word utterances. One disadvantage of studying Italian children, unlike the more amenable Anglo-Saxons, is that they steadfastly refuse to imitate a given sentence and stare at any adult with the temerity to ask them to do so as though he were mad.

Once children have started to speak, their implicit mastery of Austin, Grice, and Strawson develops with amazing rapidity. By the age of two, Bates's subjects were already pronouncing on what is, and is not, linguistically acceptable. "Si dice, ma guardo un po", one little girl said of One says, "Well, look at that!"). Bates observed other concomitant pragmatic developments. The children exercised increasing skill with temporal relations, with the shifting roles of the personal pronouns "I" and "you" in conversation, and with the use of conjunctions to tie together their speech acts into narratives. Their previous involuntary use of the comment-topic word order gave way to a more reflective and adult organization of utterances in which presupposed information was generally presented first.

By the age of five, her subjects had learnt how to suspend reality in coping with counterfactual conditionals and could readily answer such questions as "If you were a monkey what would you do?" They had also mastered the conventions of that most complex language game, the use of indirect speech acts: politeness demands that rather than conveying a request by a blunt imperative, one couches it indirectly, e.g. "Do you know what time it is?" Not surprisingly, by the stage the children could discriminate the relative politeness of different forms of request.

Bates has produced a compendium of children's pragmatic abilities that is laudably free of the obsessional taxonomies characteristic of much other recent work on the topic. But what of the underlying mechanisms governing a child's growing linguistic competence? Here she is less successful, because she has relied almost entirely on Piaget's theories as the organizing frame for her thoughts. The phases of her studies correspond roughly to the initial stages in Piaget's account of how a child comes to know the world. He claims that at first children exercise their innate capacity for perceiving and acting upon the world. They attain Realism after the manner of Dr Johnson, by acting on objects, and around the age of six months have usually discovered that an object continues to exist even if it ceases to be visible. They begin to apprehend the notion of causality, and it is at this point that Bates observed their first rudimentary attempts at communicating their intentions.

At some time during their second year, they begin to show signs of a symbolic capacity: in play, for example, they will often treat inanimate objects as though they were animate. And it is at this point that Bates observes their first use of words. The ability to manipulate symbols characterizes the second Piagetian stage, and Bates locates the major part of pragmatic development at this stage. Finally, she claims, children do not manifest control of counterfactuals until they reach the third stage, in which they acquire various mental operations that enable them to consider both their own and other people's viewpoints. Only then will they be able to make the calculated choices required for indirect speech acts.

Anyone familiar with Piaget's work is likely to be impressed by the coincidences that Bates has brought to light. However, she has obtained relatively little evidence of direct correspondences between the conceptual and linguistic landmarks. They may well be revealed by studies of their correlation within particular children. A more serious problem is that in placing so much weight on the landmarks, Bates has rather overlooked the fact that Piaget's theoretical account of them is probably defective. There are fascinating ideas that can be glimpsed from time to time in his writings, but, like Freud before him, he seems to have constructed a theory of the mentality of children that is immune to empirical attack.

Will we ever understand how children acquire their native language? It is difficult to be optimistic. Frederick II's experiment was a tragic failure: all the children died, because, it was said, they could not live without loving words from their foster-mothers. Happily, experimental techniques have improved over the past eight hundred years. Unhappily, our psychological knowledge has failed to increase at the same rate.

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Turning against Keynes

By T. W. Hutchison

ROBERT SKIDELSKY (Editor) :
The End of the Keynesian Era
Essays on the Disintegration of the Keynesian Political Economy
144pp. Macmillan £6.95 (paperback, £2.95)

Samuel Brittan begins his essay in this collection by observing that "one of the great growth industries of the English-speaking world is the exegesis of the writings of John Maynard Keynes". Certainly output in this sector continues at a remarkably buoyant level, though problems of quality control appear from time to time. In general, regarding the type of product turned out, there seems to have taken place recently a rather sudden switch in emphasis from the hagiographic to the hypercritical.

This volume contains thirteen articles by twelve different authors, reproduced, with revisions, from *The Spectator*. The first three essays are concerned with the historical and biographical background. The editor, Robert Skidelsky, interprets Keynes's early intellectual development in terms of "The Revolt against the Victorians"—(though in the next essay Lord Vaizey remarks on Keynes's "profound sense of reverence for his forbears").

Certainly the attack on the gold standard might be seen as a kind of anti-Victorian revolt. But by the 1930s, when he was launching his "revolution" in economic theory, Keynes was beginning to distance himself from his early beliefs, derived from G. E. Moore and Lytton Strachey.

Lord Vaizey, on "Keynes and Cambridge", opens with the observation that "after 1930 the London School of Economics began its career as the British Embassy of the Austrian-American school of extreme *laissez-faire*". This is followed by a remarkably high concentration of erroneous, misleading, or meaningless statements: e.g. about Menger and Walras (page 11), Ricardo and Marshall (page 11), Sraffa (page 14), Pigou (page 15), D. H. Robertson (page 17), and Keynes and the American loan (page 17). Next, Marcello de Cecco (under the title "The Last of the Romans") interestingly interprets Keynes's contributions to international economic policies in terms of the decline of British power: "Merely as a result of his being a post-Edwardian Englishman, Keynes spent one half of his adult life making history, the other half on the receiving end of it."

The explanations or accounts which follow of "the end of the Keynesian era" may be grouped into the predominantly political and the predominantly economic. The political essays are more satisfactory and those by Mr Skidelsky ("The Political Meaning of the Keynesian Revolution") and Mr Brittan ("Can Democracy Manage an Economy?") are outstanding. Mr Skidelsky shows how the war provided both the testing-ground and "the social consensus for which Keynesianism provided the ideal ideology". But, as he puts it: "Keynes overestimated the possibility of rational economic management by democratic government". This point is further emphasized by Mr Brittan, who observes that instead of the kind of mandarin elite Keynes had assumed, what we have had, in recent years, is rather a bureaucracy which "in so far as it [it] has been able to promote its own interests . . . has itself come to operate in the same direction as other interest groups rather than as an elite which does not have to lobby for jobs and privilege. It thus tends to stimulate rather than discourage the excessive expectations of the electorate." This would also seem to have applied to *some* economists.

Mr Brittan goes on to emphasize contrasts between Keynes's economic theories and those of post-war "Keynesians": "Post-war economic models geared exclusively to real output and employment, in which wages and prices depend entirely on the mood of the unions and incomes policy, and in which any increase in the money supply is treated as a *minor* by-product, seem to me foreign to the spirit of anyone as obsessively interested in money and financial flows as Keynes was."

D. P. Calleo too ("Keynes and the Pax Americana") also stresses Keynes's reliance on "high-minded transatlantic élites", and how "convincing criticism may be made of Keynes's grasp of political realities". Stuart Holland proceeds to describe, without explaining, how the Labour Party has moved towards Marxist ideas and away from the kind of Keynesian consensus propagated by Gaitskell and Anthony Crosland in the 1950s. However, there are no good grounds for Mr Holland's speculation that the Labour government's recent cuts in public expenditure "probably would have been resisted by Keynes himself and he been alive to witness them".

The predominantly economic explanations range across theoretical and institutional factors. Peter Lilley discusses "Two Critics of Keynes: Friedman and Hayek". He does not observe that at least one of Hayek's main methodological criticisms is, if valid, as fatal to Friedman's theories and concepts as to those of Keynes. Aubrey Jones on "Inflation as an Industrial Problem" repeats his previous calls for "new and permanent institutions" to deal with union power. Unfortunately he still propagates the old Keynesian revolutionary myth that Pigou advocated "a downward pressure on wages". Robert Neild, an enthusiastic Keynesian of yesteryear, re-emphasizes the sweeping abstractions on which *The General Theory* was based—(including consumption and "the social structure"). He concludes that today most versions of Keynesian doctrines "are irrelevant to the decade's central economic issue".

J. T. Winkler's thesis is that "what is coming after the end of the Keynesian era is not socialism, but corporatism", which he interprets as the state "trying to direct and control private economic activity—but without public approbation". One simply wonders how far and how long this "corporatism" will prove viable when one of its main forms seems to depend on open-ended subsidization by the taxpayer of loss-making firms and industries.

The late Harry Johnson ("Keynes and the Developing World") emphasizes that Keynes himself was little concerned with economic development and that the "Keynesian" doctrines applied to the developing world were devised by his disciples, about whom he tendentiously concludes: "The apparent advance of knowledge was illusory. Their failure lay in turning simplifications of reality that were appropriate to the problem of mass unemployment with which Keynes was concerned . . . into unverified assumptions about the facts of a different reality". Finally, Geoffrey Barraclough on "The Keynesian Era in Perspective", emphasizes that *The General Theory* was written for the 1930s and not the 1960s or 1970s. He concludes that Keynes "if he were alive today, or even if he had been alive in 1960, might have come to feel himself no Keynesian". In fact, there is evidence that Keynes (like Marx) had already come to feel this before his death.

The rather sudden loss of credibility and confidence in the prevailing economic ideas in Britain in the late 1960s and early 1970s—describable as "the end of the Keynesian era"—had at least some similarities with the transition from classical to "neo-classical" ideas in this country almost exactly a century before. This transition, turning-point, or "crisis", will doubtless become the subject of wide and deep study in the decades ahead. One question not taken up in this volume is just how and why "the Keynesian era" managed to last as long and successfully as it did, and whether it might not have lasted still longer if different economic advice had prevailed. But in this brief but stimulating volume one is bound to find, in outline, some of the more promising hypotheses about the end of this era which will have to be followed up.

Comrade Luther's theses

By Martin McCauley

RUDOLF BAHRO :
Die Alternative
Zur Kritik des real existierenden Sozialismus
542pp. Cologne: Europäische Verlagsanstalt. DM34.

It has long been the lament of the left that the socialist land of Marx and Engels has contributed little to the theoretical development of scientific socialism. The long wait is over, the first penetrating Marxist analysis of socialism in practice, of real existing socialism, has arrived. No, the author is not Robert Havemann, the *enfant terrible* of East German philosophy, or Wolfgang Harich, but one of their former pupils at the Humboldt University in East Berlin, Rudolf Bahro. Bahro escaped the fate of becoming a full-time philosopher and has held many jobs, ranging from journalism to work in a factory.

Born in 1935, Bahro became a candidate member of the Socialist Unity Party (SED) at sixteen and a full member at eighteen. His first brush with the party was in 1957 when, as deputy editor of the Free German Youth (FDJ) newspaper *Forum*, he published a piece by Volker Braun which the SED regarded as presenting a false picture of the working class. Bahro then switched to industry, to a rubber factory in East Berlin, where he worked on labour organization. His ten years there provided him with valuable insights into the functioning of the GDR planned economy. It was there that he was arrested on August 23, 1977, and accused of espionage. A subtle move by the SED, it makes it all the harder for communists in Eastern and Western Europe to show solidarity with him.

Bahro's main thesis, no less, is that the socialist states of Eastern Europe and Soviet Russia are not, in the Marxist sense, socialist at all. It all went wrong because Lenin greatly overestimated the level of capitalist development in Russia and expected too much too quickly after the October Revolution. The country, according to Bahro, was still half-Asiatic in its socio-economic formation; hence labour needed a long period of training so as to raise its discipline, efficiency and productivity. This was grasped by Stalin, whom the system produced, but he performed the task without the humanism of Lenin. Now, with Soviet Russia a world power, the moment has arrived to introduce socialism.

This means doing away with piece rates, work norms, premia and all the paraphernalia of the command economy. The planning system employs a vast army of bureaucrats; away with these parasites. On top of the bureaucrats sits the party: away with it as well. "The politbureaucracy must be shorn of its power, the dominance of the apparat over society must go, the relationship between society and the state must be worked out anew." A new cultural revolution is necessary. Has this process begun? Yes, it was just beginning when it was nipped in the bud in Czechoslovakia in 1968. However, the potential is still there and recent events in Eastern Europe underline this. So the land of Lenin needs a new party! The bold Bahro provides his alternative—a Union of Communists. The new truly socialist state will be a land of free economic associations as outlined by Marx. Economic plans will be handed down and expressed in hours of work time so as to allow workers' creative instincts to be fully developed.

It took Bahro six years to write this book, while keeping down a job and writing a doctoral dissertation as well. He separated from his family in 1972 to save them from the consequences of his political views. Bahro chose the only route which promised to afford his views maximum publicity—publication in West Germany. It is ironical that the debate on socialism and culture in the GDR is conducted in the Federal Republic. Bahro knew he would suffer, but like many heretics before him chose prison. He is so totally opposed to the way the SED is running the GDR that he decided he could be silent no longer and thus ended a promising career.

Bahro's culture is wide, ranging from Bakunin to Garaudy. His references to Isaac Deutscher underline once again that writer's impact on Eastern Europe. It is his training in philosophy and in the industrial world which makes this work unique. It goes far beyond Djilas, Schaff, Garaudy *et al.* One can criticize some of Bahro's views: he uses Marx's critical method but revises the master; was Stalin so inevitable in the Soviet Union and are the bureaucrats really ready to opt out of the system in Eastern Europe. Is the Western world as near collapse as he thinks? But these are minor points; this book will become a classic. Comrade Luther has arrived and he has nailed his theses to the door of the SED Politburo in East Berlin. The initiative now lies with them.

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The general interest

By Michael Waller

AGNES HELLER :
The Theory of Need in Marx
Translated by Anne Booth
145pp. Allison and Busby. £4.95

"Laugh if you wish at the dreamer, who saw flowers bloom in mid-winter": thus, almost a century after Marx's death, Agnes Heller prefaces her study of his theory of need. And, it might be added, sixty years after the Bolshevik revolution and nineteen years after Galbraith advised the Western world of its affluence. In these last sixty years a series of ruling communist parties, proclaiming goals derived from Marx, have effectively banished need in their societies, in the sense of freeing their populations from poverty and destitution, and have in most cases significantly raised this "floor" of social security and welfare. Meanwhile in the advanced industrial societies of the West, capitalism refashioned itself in the aftermath of the Depression by deliberately and so far successfully promoting needs in the sense of consumer wants and desires. In both cases human needs of another order are now on the social agenda, their claim for attention prompted in both East and West by the domination over man of the economic and social structures which he himself has brought into being.

Agnes Heller's study of the theory of need in Marx, then, is timely. Miss Heller does not, however, take it upon herself to spell out the present predicament of humanity; her references are exclusively to Marx, and not to the world about us. What she offers is a work for students of Marx, and one which they will undoubtedly welcome. It is a brief, well-run stretch of essay, or a little over a hundred pages. The translation reads very well, except that very occasionally a distinction which relies on the emphasis of a word is obscured.

It takes an author of Agnes Heller's standing to write:

> The fact that Marx held two differing theories of alienation is not a defect in his thought; on the contrary it is a striking proof of his originality. To refurbish Marx into a thinker who worked out a coherent system of concepts, who provided definitive means to deprive precisely the main source of alienation; his great, many sided search for a

The author also guards against teological carping by saying sure that there is no such an interpretation of Marx proof against being contradicted by means of quotations. Statements point up the strength, but also its weakness is of course true that the discrepancies in Marx's which arise from his age pursuing to the end of problems over an immense The interpreter of Marx either frankly present the of Marx's expositions, thus point, or else present a thrust of what he sees as major arguments, at the obscuring the inconsistencies work by Heller stands as a ple of the first approach, the more forthright presentation of a Colletti or an Althusser.

Two qualifications to this ment are in order. First, fact important for Miss Heller emphasize the duality between theory of contradiction, two her treatment of "radical requires that a distinction drawn between Marx's interest of the subject know that of the dialectic of Hegel here is—no less than in the history between a theory based on physical science, which has had the antinomies of Fichte, a successful *Studies* of its own for movement of history based some time now—a real need for an which Engels predominantly annual publication reserved primarily for specialist writings longer and a theory based on than articles and more scholarly one on which Miss Heller books are often nowadays Marx's view of "radical followed to be. William Coleman, "Communism", however, Camille Limoges and the Johns from Marx's second thesis Hopkins Press are to be commended tradition no less necessary for answering this need. Sceptical from his first".

Secondly, the concept observers with other interests can need, needs, necessity, now be answered by pointing to interests, is a complex the three excellent papers in this colourful, and therefore wishes to initial volume, which have, approprietely enough, German and Marx, the spider, working American, French and English foci recent ways in different respectively.

The first, by Arnold W. Ravin, on "The Gene as Catalyst; the Gene as Organism", discusses these two conceptions of the gene in various authors from Weissmann to Jacob and Monod, special attention being given to the ideas of L. T. Troland (in two papers of 1914 and 1917) and the influence of Jacques Loeb. The narrative is detailed and lucid. A cogent analysis is made of the avowedly metaphysical issues involved and of the original reasons for their relevance, sometimes even at the price of an adequate explanation of the experimental considerations. But the study still has a present-day orientation that diminishes its value as a general assessment of its subject. Too often it proceeds, albeit implicitly, as an anachronistic argument for seeing Troland as a founder of molecular biology. It is a pity, too, that Dr Ravin has not related his conclusions to those in R. C. Olby's monograph *The Gene: A Critical History*, and in R. C. Olby's book *The Path to the Double Helix*. Not central to the life sciences have conceptions of the gene been, that very fresh discussion of those conceptions inevitably challenges current generalizations about the whole history of biology in this century. One would have liked to see Dr Ravin presenting these challenges explicitly.

W. R. Albury's study, "Experiment and Explanation in the Physiology of Bichat and Magendie", is exemplary in its explicit revisionism. The perceptive and persuasive Kersland was the first to present the plausible but, as Albury shows, quite misleading account of Bichat and Magendie which has ever since dominated interpretations of the historical emergence, in the early nineteenth century, of physiology and of biology itself as autonomous sciences. Dr Albury replaces Kersland's glib Gallic contrasts with a careful and subtle discussion of the empirical procedures and explanatory programmes pursued by the two men. Very occasionally, Albury himself shows a weakness for even more glib and much less useful aperçus of Michel Foucault. But his meticulous dissection and documentation of the real issues (including an appendix of new translations of Bichat, Cuvier and Magendie) provides all the refutation one needs of both the style and content of Foucault's pretentious waffings. Albury shows the importance for physiology of eighteenth-century discussions of the methods of analysis and synthesis; but his confused and brief remarks on this do not do the subject justice. Eighteenth-century commentators on the two methods, such as Isaac Watts, realized that to clarify them requires hard technical explication.

Ruth Cowan's "Nature and Nurture: The Interplay of Biology and Politics in the Work of Francis Galton" is an exceptionally honest, craftsmanlike and successful attempt to make sense of a man's biological ideas through his politics. She argues, convincingly, that the eugenical ideas Galton first expounded in 1865, in his article "Heredity, Talent and Character", were not reasonable developments of current conceptions nor strong inferences from any empirical data. Their zealous exponent by Galton, who was, as she says, not a stupid man, can and needs to be explained, however, by reconstructing the contingencies of his biography and commitments of his ideology. Moreover, Dr Cowan shows that the same historiographical strategy is often but not always indispensable in understanding his later views on heredity and society, although Cowan is equally emphatic in arguing that in several instances Galton's biological theorizing was rationally constrained by empirical considerations.

While a little impatient and swift sometimes in exegesis, and not always very deft in use of philosophical terms ("Galton's argument was somewhat circular . . . and little more than a logical construct"), Dr Cowan shows herself quite prepared, when it is appropriate, to invoke the force of an argument or the weight of the evidence as explanatory resources for the historian of ideas. Her well-written seventy-five pages are probably the best overall introduction we now have to Galton's idiosyncratic and influential thinking.

Finally, this volume closes with a nine-page review by F. L. Holmes of F. Jacob's *La Logique du vivant* and its English translation. For myself, I do not think reviews really belong in these new *Studies*. There are now plenty of other places where they can appear, and space for long papers, especially book-length ones, is simply too precious to be given up to essay-reviews, even good ones like Dr Holmes's. Jacob's book offers a fresh, provocative although very selective look at general biological ideas since the Renaissance. But Holmes, aware though he is of its obvious shortcomings, takes it rather too seriously as a contribution to the history of science. As Holmes must know, many of Jacob's general interpretative points about seventeenth and eighteenth-century ideas, which Holmes summarizes here so succinctly, are plainly false where they are not hopelessly vague or even vacuous. Jacob is a distinguished biologist, he has read diligently in some original sources and he writes an engaging if facile prose. But it takes more, much more than that to make a major contribution to a mature field of historical scholarship. Nor does it help that Jacob has, perhaps unwittingly, as Holmes suggests, followed Foucault in certain ways. As scholars, French savants and French sages are as habitually (but not more excusably) overrated as French movies. Jacob and Foucault should be read in the same spirit as, respectively, Churchill on political and McLuhan on literary history.

The new *Studies* will be both a cause and effect of future progress in its discipline. It is naturally impossible to guess at any trends in its development, but very pleasing to see it get off to such a good start.

Life stories

By Jonathan Hodge

WILLIAM COLEMAN and CAMILLE LIMOGES (Editors) :
Studies in History of Biology
Volume 1
218pp. Johns Hopkins University Press. £10.50.

The obvious comment is in fact correct. This book does mark a coming of age for the history of biology. For, although it is like the *Journal of the History of Biology* (now in its tenth year) in arising naturally from post-war developments in that discipline in the older universities of the eastern United States and Canada, it is also like the *Journal* in being genuinely international in its editorial control and, presumably, no less so in its editorial policy. Revealingly, however, this volume of *Studies*, unlike the first volume of the *Journal* (Science is no official association between the two periodicals) carries no opening explanatory or apologetic statement of rationale. Nor is one needed. Those with a serious interest in the subject know that there is some time now—a real need for an annual publication reserved primarily for specialist writings longer than articles and more scholarly than books are often nowadays allowed to be. William Coleman, Camille Limoges and the Johns Hopkins Press are to be commended for answering this need. Sceptical observers with other interests can now be answered by pointing to the three excellent papers in this initial volume, which have, appropriately enough, German and American, French and English foci respectively.

The first, by Arnold W. Ravin, on "The Gene as Catalyst; the Gene as Organism", discusses these two conceptions of the gene in various authors from Weissmann to Jacob and Monod, special attention being given to the ideas of L. T. Troland (in two papers of 1914 and 1917) and the influence of Jacques Loeb. The narrative is detailed and lucid. A cogent analysis is made of the avowedly metaphysical issues involved and of the original reasons for their relevance, sometimes even at the price of an adequate explanation of the experimental considerations. But the study still has a present-day orientation that diminishes its value as a general assessment of its subject. Too often it proceeds, albeit implicitly, as an anachronistic argument for seeing Troland as a founder of molecular biology. It is a pity, too, that Dr Ravin has not related his conclusions to those in R. C. Olby's monograph *The Gene: A Critical History*, and in R. C. Olby's book *The Path to the Double Helix*. Not central to the life sciences have conceptions of the gene been, that very fresh discussion of those conceptions inevitably challenges current generalizations about the whole history of biology in this century. One would have liked to see Dr Ravin presenting these challenges explicitly.

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The bang and after

By J. G. Porter

STEVEN WEINBERG :
The First Three Minutes
A Modern View of the Origin of the Universe
188pp. André Deutsch. £4.50.

FRED HOYLE :
Ten Faces of the Universe
207pp. Heinemann. £4.80.

In 1965 two American radio-astronomers made the important discovery of continuous radiation on millimetre wavelengths covering the whole sky and independent of direction. This background radiation has an energy corresponding to a temperature about three degrees above absolute zero, and it proves to be the remains of the intense radiation which was present in the original "big bang". In the beginning, about 15,000 million years ago, the universe would have been very small, but infinitely hot and dense. The formation of matter, from which the stars and galaxies would evolve, could only begin when the universe had expanded and the temperature had fallen low enough to allow the formation of nuclei of hydrogen and helium atoms. So rapid was the expansion and cooling at this stage that the time required was only about three minutes.

Steven Weinberg's book is concerned mainly with the state of the universe during that time. Radiation predominated at this stage, and any matter that was present was very different from that in our modern universe. Only elementary particles and antiparticles could exist at such high temperatures, particles such as the electron, the positron and the neutrino, and the strange hypothetical quark. The interactions between these particles were a major factor in the evolution of the early universe.

Much of this will be very strange to the reader, and there are some complicated arguments. *The First Three Minutes* is not an easy book, but Professor Weinberg has an admirable style and has gone to great lengths to make his meaning clear. There is a glossary of physical and astronomical terms, and for the reader who prefers calculations there is a mathematical supplement giving some simple proofs.

In contrast to this detailed account of the first three minutes, Sir Fred Hoyle, who has contributed so much to this subject, gives in *Ten Faces of the Universe* a number of wider (and more personal) views. His first chapter is entitled "God's Universe", in which he defends Jeans's famous assertion that "the Great Architect of the universe now begins to appear as a pure mathematician". There follows a provocative attack on teaching methods and a plea for the development of new ideas and of new ways of encouraging students to solve puzzles. The following chapters deal with some of the puzzles which the universe has presented to scientists.

The physicist has unravelled the structure of the atom, but he is still presenting us with new species and varieties of quarks. The mathematician, with his theories of relativity and of quantum mechanics, is concerned with the interactions between these particles. In the astrophysicist's universe of stars and galaxies, Hoyle has his own interpretation of the expanding universe and its origin. He is not content to begin with the "big bang", but envisages a universe existing before that event, but extending its influence through and beyond the time which we have always regarded as the moment of creation.

The geophysicist studies the structure of the Earth and of the other planets, and this raises the problem of the origin of the solar system. How then did life begin on the Earth? The basic molecules from which life evolved are widespread in the universe, and Hoyle is led to the conclusion that the development of life and particularly of the thinking brain, may be common among the stars, and that any differences from our own life-forms would only be in minor details. The last chapter is a forecast of the future of mankind, and gives a stern warning of the imminent danger of allowing the present increase in the population to continue.

This is not a detailed account of the universe; rather it is a collection of essays in which the subjects are treated on the broadest lines, with some good illustrations, simple diagrams and no mathematics. There are many new ideas and, if these serve to stimulate the reader's interest, some of the aims of the first chapter will have been realized.

Cat community

By G. B. Corbet

CHARLES McDOUGAL :
The Face of the Tiger
180pp. Rivington Books/André Deutsch. £6.50.

When the Society for the Preservation of the Wild Fauna of the Empire was founded in 1903 it had the simple objective of ensuring "that no more species of wild animals should be exterminated within the British Empire". Since the chief threat was seen to be uncontrolled hunting, directed towards particular species and already responsible for the extinction of such animals as the quagga and bluebuck in southern Africa and the Labrador duck in Canada, it was natural that protective measures should likewise be directed towards particular species. More recently, with escalating human populations and the technological capacity for massive and rapid exploitation of hitherto unused natural habitats, the aim of conservationists has swung towards the preservation of these habitats in the knowledge that the loss, for example, of the rain forests in south-east Asia would mean the loss not simply of a few spectacular animals like the Malayan tapir and the orang-utan but of a vast and complex interdependent system comprising many thousands of kinds of plants and animals. The large and spectacular animals, like the giant panda and the tiger, have, however, remained at the forefront of the conservation campaigns, partly because of their emotive appeal but also because of the very large areas they require for their survival.

It was only during the 1920s that the concept of territory in birds was put on a firm scientific basis by the pioneering work of Eliot Howard on British warblers, demonstrating the highly organized nature of the spatial and social structure of a population of animals, even in species that are generally described as "solitary" rather than "social" in their habits. The problems of carrying out similar studies on large nocturnal mammals living in thick forest, travelling vast distances and communicating largely by scent rather than voice are formidable, and it is not surprising that very few have been undertaken. But among the flood of books on particular species of "endangered" animals that have in recent years arisen from, and been addressed to, the public concern for conservation, there are a very few outstanding ones written by men and women who have personally undertaken such daunting tasks. *The Face of the Tiger* is one such book.

Few subjects have been as daunting as the tiger—the great apes are diurnal; the lions, hyenas, hunting dogs and elephants of Africa live in relatively open country. All of these species have in recent years been the subject of studies that have been sufficiently intensive, and have covered a sufficient area and time-span, to provide a real insight into the way their societies are organized. A valuable beginning was made with the tiger by George Schaller, who spent much of 1964 studying deer and the tigers that preyed upon them in central India, and later wrote *The Deer and the Tiger*. Schaller, as a trained and experienced zoologist as well as a patient and acute observer, was able to place much of the folklore of the tiger into a scientific perspective and saw the animal as an efficient hunter, careful to avoid contact with man and highly sensitive to other members of its species.

Charles McDougal has taken our understanding a long way farther by studying a community of tigers in the Chitawan National Park in Nepal over a period of five years. Through a combination of careful tracking and direct observation at "baiting points"—where buffalo calves are tethered to attract the tigers—he was able to recognize all the resident tigers in the district and patiently work out their individual ranges and territories, no mean feat when it is appreciated that the territory of an adult male tiger may be as much as forty square miles. Territories of adult males were found to be mutually exclusive but usually included two or three females, which in turn held their own territories, although these were less exclusive than those of the males. The large male territories included a fluctuating, but generally adequate, food supply (mainly deer) the size of which presumably directly controls the number of young reared within the territory and only indirectly the size of the territory itself.

Frequently, more than one tiger was present at a kill and a great deal was learnt of their interrelationships and social behaviour. They emerge as animals of great tolerance with impeccable manners (in contrast to lions which, although much more sociable in general, are highly aggressive at a kill). Such a study depends very much upon the ability to recognize individual animals—in this case by their facial markings and peculiarities of their footprints—and to follow their fortunes. During this period a parallel study was being undertaken at the other end of the Park where a team from the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, was catching tigers and attaching radio transmitters to them to enable them to be followed. Although some of their results are reported here, one gets a distinct impression of the tiger-watchers regarding each other with the same air of strained tolerance and suspicion that is exhibited by the most territorial of the tigers themselves.

In spite of an intermittent and often indirect contact with the animals, Mr McDougal has been able to piece together a unique and gripping account of their lives—their hunting, their social contact, their family fortunes. The results will enhance our understanding and respect for a unique species and at the same time provide information that is vital if the few remaining sanctuaries of the tiger are to be managed in such a way as to ensure its survival.

Bangladesh Today
An Indictment and a Danger
Mafiur Rahman
PUBLICATION DATE FEB 3
£3.95 (Hardback) & £1.95 (Paperback)
Forwarding: Paper 35p & Hardback 45p
News & Media Ltd
53 Street Street Road, London

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of DAVID JONES
by René Hague
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Skelton's Press, Cannon Place, Wellingborough, Northants
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From carnal soul to Spirit

By Julian Baldick

FARID AL-DIN 'ATTAR :
The Ilahi-nama
Translated by John Andrew Boyle
392pp. Manchester University Press. £9.95.

A remarkable blindness pervades the study of the classics of Persian mysticism, revered by the peoples of the eastern Islamic world as the greatest monuments of their past. It would now appear that the specialists who have concerned themselves with these classics have totally failed to see their most obvious features of plan, development and structure, or the possibility of connections between them and the historical background.

The longer poems of the Persian mystic Farid al-Din 'Attar, who was killed by the Mongols in 1221, were the subject of the *magnum opus* of the late Hellmut Ritter, one of the outstanding orientalists of his day (*Das Meer der Seele*, 1955). What Ritter produced in this work was mainly a thematic rearrangement of the material with background information. This naturally provoked a reaction attempting to show certain structural aspects; what has been missed, however, is embarrassing in the extreme.

More than half of 'Attar's most famous work, *Mantiq al-Tayr* (The Language of the Birds), consists of speeches made by a number of birds about a projected journey in search of a king. First, the hoopoe speaks, taking the role of instructor. Then ten more birds, who are also identified (the nightingale, the parrot, etc), try to excuse themselves from undertaking the journey, and the hoopoe replies to each one in turn. Subsequently we are given twenty-two more speeches (excuses and questions), made by birds who are not identified (being introduced by the phrase "another said"), each followed by the hoopoe's replies. The specialists and translators have not realized that these twenty-two speeches correspond to the original series of eleven birds, being content simply to number them from one to twenty-two. In the case of the first and the twelfth we have an additional interlocutor, without any personality, whose function is to bring out, by questioning the hoopoe, the latter's personal motif, that of obedience, and to strengthen the hoopoe in its dominant position as the element which links the series of speeches and replies together.

The remaining speeches are made by the other ten birds, reappearing twice. Thus we have a subtle play of continuities and developments which no one seems to have seen. The falcon, for example, is used to develop the theme of the pursuit of happiness, to be found only through God; the mythical *humay* represents the continuing intransigence of pride. The eleventh and last bird, the sparrow, is presented in its first speech as searching for its lost; in its second, as having spent its life in grief; in the third, as saying that its eyes have gone black (in the Koran Jacob goes blind). Eleven birds, then, ten plus one: when the dirty birds (*simurgh*) who survive the journey come to be confronted with their king, the bird called the *Simurgh* (from whom they are then unable to distinguish themselves), 'Attar compares them to Joseph's ten guilty brothers. In the poem's epilogue we have a long story about a king who condemns his young beloved to death; the ten slaves who are entrusted with the execution snare his life, but inform the king that he is dead. Finally the king and the boy are reunited.

If we turn to another long poem by 'Attar, the *Musibat-nama* (Book of Affliction), we find that it, too, has a structure which does not seem to have been previously understood. It narrates the progress of a pilgrim, who personifies Thought, and asks forty entities (angels, parts of the universe, prophets, organs of the mind), for their assistance. After each conversation he returns, confused, to his spiritual director, who explains the inner reality which each interlocutor represents. It has not been observed that at the beginning 'Attar explicitly states that the pilgrim, escaping from his director's guidance, arrogantly starts at the very top of the scale, with Gabriel, who represents the Spirit, nor has it been seen that from the point of view of external appearance the first twenty entities are presented in descending, and the last twenty in ascending sequences. The fortieth term is none other than the Spirit, of which, it is explained, the other entities are all attributes; the pilgrim, owing to his initial presumptuousness, has had to descend before rising back to the point of departure. Thus we are again presented with series (the forty interlocutors and the inner realities which they represent) joined together by an element which dominates the whole.

Turning to 'Attar's *Ilahi-nama* (Book of God), of which John Andrew Boyle has now given us an annotated prose translation, we find that it has a similar structure. This has been totally obscured by the orientalists who have written about this work. They have all followed Ritter in asserting that it consists of conversations between a "king" and his six sons, whom he tells to pursue higher and spiritual goals instead of the gifts for which they ask him. This happens to be a singularly unfortunate and striking example of the regrettable tendency, all too common in Islamic studies, to indulge in blind repetition of the words of a distinguished predecessor. The text explicitly states that the father of the six sons is a caliph, that is to say not a mere temporal sovereign, a king, but a leader of the Islamic community. This point is not only absolutely essential for the understanding of the whole poem; it is of considerable interest with regard to one of the most celebrated episodes in Islamic history.

'Attar is writing during the period of the spectacular revival of the power of the caliphate, which had long been in abeyance, under the caliph al-Nasir (1180-1225), a revival reinforced by extensive exploitation of Sufism, the main mystical movement of Islam, and of a type of organization characterized by initiatory rituals and ethical ideals, called the *futuwwa*. At this time various princes of the Islamic world were admitted into the *futuwwa* by al-Nasir, who assumed a leading role in it. It is also to be noted that 'Attar lived in the north-east of Iran, the area dominated by al-Nasir's arch-enemy, Muhammad Khwarizmshah (1200-20). The long and bitter feud between the caliph and the Khwarizmshah casts its shadow over the entire political and religious history of the eastern Islamic world right up to the Mongol invasion. Now the Khwarizmshah is represented in our sources as having been hostile to Sufis, while we know that the caliph used leading Sufis for the purpose of propaganda and diplomacy. Returning to the *Ilahi-nama*, we find that 'Attar makes the caliph call his six sons "kings". He makes savage attacks on temporal kingship and its worthlessness, but he does mark his approval of Sultan Mahmud of Ghazna (999-1030), who acquired considerable prestige by appearing as the loyal supporter of the caliphate.

It is necessary, however, to concentrate upon the mystical side of the concept of caliphate. 'Attar himself, in the poem's introduction, addresses the Spirit as caliph:

> Since thou art caliph until eternity to come, it is by thy grace that the world is filled with subtleties.
>
> Don the black robes of caliph like Adam; travel within thy breast as though it were the world.

(Professor Boyle's translation)

According to the Koran Adam was the caliph (*khalifa*, deputy, vice-regent) of God on earth. (Thus 'Attar is not alone in addressing the reader as "caliph's son".) The Koran also says that God breathed His Spirit (*ruh*) into him. Thus in the Sufism of 'Attar's time the Spirit naturally takes the role of God's caliph or deputy.

The introduction also tells us that the Spirit has six sons. These are presented in three pairs (one couplet for each pair): the carnal or lower soul (*nafs*) and the Devil; reason and knowledge; poverty, which desires "non-existence" and *tawhid* (the affirmation or realization of God's unity), which desires to perceive everything as one Essence. (Here Professor Boyle mistranslates at a crucial point; elsewhere he uses the single word "soul" to translate the terms which represent the carnal soul and the Spirit or higher soul, when they both occur in the same passage, and introduces the word "king" to refer to the caliph.)

This introduction, then, gives us the key to the poem's structure, which may be seen as consisting of an upward progression in three parts, the first corresponding to the carnal soul, the second to the intellect, and the third to the heart, which is transformed into the Spirit or higher soul. (It is obvious that these three parts correspond to the Plotinian triad of Soul, Reason and the One.)

In the first part of the work, the first of the caliph's sons says that he would like to be given the daughter of the king of the fairies. The caliph, as with the succeeding sons, replies in a series of four discourses, which include a number of stories; in the fourth discourse he explains the inner reality symbolized by the gift solicited. The fairy princess represents the carnal soul, which must be rendered tranquil. This theme is explicitly linked to that of the conversation with the second son, who asks for the gift of magic. Magic is the work of the Devil, but it the devil within one becomes a Muslim (i.e. "one who submits"), it becomes lawful, and the carnal soul becomes quiescent. Thus the two main themes of the first part of the poem are tied together by the common process of transformation.

In the second part of the work the third son asks for the cup in which the whole world can be seen reflected, and is told that it is the intellect, and the fourth son asks for the Water of Life, which represents knowledge. Here, then, the complementarity linking the two terms is a simple one; in the third part it is more complicated, the bond being the dialectic in which Man, by negating his own existence, affirms the absolute unity of God.

The fifth son asks for the ring of Solomon, that is, for sovereignty. But the essence of sovereignty is contentment, and the essence of contentment is poverty. This poverty, however, is also to be understood in a mystical sense: Sufism—and notably 'Attar, in *Mantiq al-Tayr*—links it with the doctrine of annihilation (*fana*). Man must realize that he is poor in that he lacks existence in comparison with the absolute existence of God. Thus 'Attar develops the theme of non-existence in anticipation of the poem's climax.

This climax comes in the conversation with the sixth son, who asks to be granted the knowledge of alchemy. The spiritual production of the philosophers' stone, he is told, consists in transforming body into heart and heart into spirit. This is brought about by the Light of God, which absorbs the Spirit into itself. In this part of the work stress is laid on the disappearance of duality, through annihilation and absorption into God. Thus the sixth of the terms mentioned in the introduction, the realization of God's unity, is effected in the practice of the mystic.

What is most striking, however, is that it has not been seen that the most famous monument of all Sufi didactic poetry, venerated as the "Persian Koran", the *Mathnawi* (Rhyming Couplets) of Rumi (d 1273), has a plan, which is in fact markedly similar to the structure of the *Ilahi-nama*. It is regrettable that Rumi's English translators should have followed a German writer, who asserted that the six Books into which the *Mathnawi* is divided were not connected with one another, in saying that "each Book forms an artistic whole" (an odd remark to make, when the Third Book ends with an injunction to read the remainder of one story in the Fourth).

The plan of the *Mathnawi*, in its main outlines, is not too difficult to grasp if one takes the obvious course of concentrating upon the explanations which Rumi himself usually gives of the stories which it contains. These are perhaps least helpful in the First Book, but one can still see that it has the carnal soul as a dominant motif. The Second Book continues on this level, bringing in the Devil, and developing the themes of deception and evil. The Third and Fourth Books are packed with passages and stories concerning the subjects of reason, the intellect and knowledge. They are linked by the story of Moses and Pharaoh, who represent reason and imagination. Rumi explains that just as the carnal soul and the Devil are really one, so too are the intellect and the Angel. The Fifth and Sixth Books have the closely interrelated themes of the Spirit and Light, and are bound together by the story of Sultan Mahmud of Ghazna and his favourite Ayaz, which gives expression to the doctrine of annihilation. In the Sixth Book, as in the last part of the *Ilahi-nama*, we have a dialectical development, when Rumi emphasizes the importance of making the transition from negation to affirmation.

There is, however, one difference between the two works which merits close attention. In the *Mathnawi* the role of the Spirit as God's deputy is to some extent taken over by the personality of the *shaykh*, the advanced or model Sufi, to whom the greatest power and significance are accorded, and in particular by Rumi's intimate friend Husam al-Din, to whom the poem is dedicated. It is significant that the Rumi, writing a few years after the best-known catastrophe in Islamic history, the destruction of the caliphate by the Mongols in 1258, should address Husam al-Din as God's caliph in the present age. We have here a most vivid illustration of the spectacular transformation of the Islam of the eastern Islamic world at this time, consisting in the rapid rise in importance of leading Sufis and the forging of new relationships between them and their disciples.

It will no doubt be asked why the plan and structure of these classics should have been overlooked for so long. One reason is that they are exceptional, in the wider context of Persian Sufi literature, in presenting these features. Another reason is the predominance, since the time of Rumi, of the highly specialized doctrine of Ibn 'Arabi (d 1240), which by commentators so imposed a work alien to authors of this tradition. Another is the literary manner in which Sufis always used poetry, as offering insights for their own experience.

It would certainly be wrong to form an unfavourable judgment of traditional scholarship, which has yielded excellent results in the field of textual commentary and the elucidation of technical terms. Western specialists, they labour under considerable difficulties; yet it would appear that a main reexamination of the whole domain of studies, in this domain, is to be one of place. Moreover, the period of Islamic history, the classics written during which attracted a fair amount of attention; but little effort seems to have been devoted to seeing what is to be learn from putting the classics together.

It must also be said in the case of these classics that if an attempt at structural analysis would add very much to our obvious features have been taken over by the personality of the *shaykh*, the author and model Sufi, to whom the greatest power and significance are accorded, and in particular by Rumi's intimate friend Husam al-Din, to whom the poem is dedicated. It is significant that the Rumi, writing a few years after the best-known catastrophe in Islamic history, the destruction of the caliphate by the Mongols in 1258, should address Husam al-Din as God's caliph in the present age. We have here a most vivid illustration of the spectacular transformation of the Islam of the eastern Islamic world at this time, consisting in the rapid rise in importance of leading Sufis and the forging of new relationships between them and their disciples.

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Full of emptiness

By Michael Aris

The Holy Teaching of Vimalakirti
A Mahayana Scripture
Translated by Robert A. F. Thurman
166pp. Pennsylvania State University Press. $14.

The Vimalakirtinirdesa is one of the most highly regarded of all Mahayana sutras. It is a subtle dramatic composition in which a layman, Lie-chieh Vimalakirti, takes the major role in expounding the essence of Mahayana thought. Humour plays its gentle part and no doubt helps to raise the work to the place it occupies as a masterpiece of world literature. The most important methodic feature of this elaborate and profound exposition is the use of intentional paradox, a device peculiarly suited to any discussion of *sunyata*, the concept of "emptiness" about which nothing must be predicated. No Sanskrit version of the work has survived and an alternative title to what must surely be the most faithful Tibetan translation is, significantly, "The Production of Coupled and Inverted Sounds" (*Phrugs-su-sbyar-ba snrel-zhi mngon-par-bsgrub-pa*). Robert Thurman sees fit to have this as "The Reconciliation of Dichotomies".

At Tunhuang in China (occupied by the Tibetans from AD 781 to 848) there exists a superb wall-painting of the famous debate on the "emptiness" between Vimalakirti and Manjusri, showing a Tibetan king acting as the "patron". The sutra (for which this scene serves as the climax) seems to have had a much wider appeal for the Chinese and Japanese, however. Nevertheless it is the Tibetan translation of Chos-nyid Tshul-khrims which is regarded as the most technically accurate. The use of traditional non-Buddhist philosophical vocabulary in the Chinese translations sometimes leads to a blurring of primary meanings. The Tibetans in the eighth and ninth centuries, while possessing a highly structured system of their own magico-religious beliefs, had to depend largely on coining an entirely new and uniform set of terms for their translations. Still, the surviving few fragments of this sutra in Sanskrit and the wealth of translations extant in other languages demand a comparative study when rendering the sutra into Western language. This is exemplified in the great work of Lamotte, whose French version appeared in 1962. (The feeling of regret one might derive is that in works of this fine and original Tibetan scholar lost in a mass of constructed Sanskrit. This is the overall profit to be gained by the attempt to justify the method.)

Given the largely popular character of current interest in Buddhism (sometimes not much more than sometimes not at all there is certainly a demand for an English translation aimed at readers since than Lamotte's, Mr Thurman's version is based on the Tibetan, and includes an extraordinary discussion of Charles Luk's book on the Chinese of Kumarajiva's version appeared in 1972 and which has a proselytizing intent similar to his own.

This new rendering is to concentrate more on the philosophy than the philology of the text can the two be so cleanly separated? We are not given the Tibetan edition was used, and the important omission since, as I shall show, in my attempt to trace it, there are significant variations from one another.

In the introduction, which would hope to learn more about the standpoint of this sutra in its relationship to the Mahayana School, we are instead given the work is full of tantric ideas and themes. This view no doubt reflects current interests in tantra, but historically it would make much more sense to argue that those ideas identified here as tantric belong to an ancient substratum in Indian religion which came to the surface in many texts of this late period, which was codified at a period still.

Despite these and other reservations, Mr Thurman's work is a brave attempt to satisfy the scholar and the devoted reader. We do not expect these apparently irreconcilable as deftly as Lamotte-Kirti might have done in

The age of the Spirit

By Theodore Crowley

ST THOMAS AQUINAS :
Summa Theologiae
General Editor : Thomas Gilbey
60 volumes
Eyre and Spottiswoode, McGraw-Hill. £165.95 the set (volumes also available separately).

The nineteenth-century French philosopher Victor Cousin picked up, at one of the *bouquinistes* that line the banks of the Seine, the works of someone called Aquinas whom he was surprised to find lacking neither depth nor originality. Times have changed. Today it would come as a surprise to meet any educated person who had not heard of, and even perhaps dipped into a translation of the *Summa* of St Thomas Aquinas. For the benefit of those who are not connoisseurs of scholastic Latin, the Blackfriars community in Oxford, in conjunction with a British and American publisher, have brought out over the years between 1963 and 1976 an important English translation of the *Summa Theologiae* in sixty very reasonably priced volumes.

The *Summa Theologiae*, written by St Thomas when he had reached maturity originally in the scholastic Latin of the thirteenth century, a highly technical medium of expression, is severely professional, devoid of the literary graces of the golden age of the classics. That was one of the reasons why Renaissance lovers of classical antiquity ridiculed scholasticism as they did Gothic architecture—it was considered "barbaric". The reaction seems to us extreme. Living as we do in a tower of Babel of multiple and conflicting philosophical and theological terminologies, where novelty is often mistaken for depth, we might even be tempted to translate the Latin with a modest clarity and distinctness.

That is not to say that the *Summa*, or anything written in medieval Latin for that matter, makes easy reading. The *Summa Theologiae* is a major work, Aquinas's greatest contribution to theological science, occupying nine folio volumes (IV-XIV, 1888-1906) of this still incomplete critical edition of the *Opera Omnia*. This was called the "Leonine edition" after its sponsor and patron, Pope Leo XIII (1810-1903), whose encyclical letter *Aeterni Patris* (1879) gave the teaching of St Thomas pride of place in all Catholic educational establishments.

It has to be pointed out that the lack of literary distinction was not the sole reason for the decline of scholasticism. More important was perhaps almost exclusive cultivation of speculation and speculative methods as the open sesame to the vaults of truth. Experimental methods of scientific inquiry were neglected. The few warning voices raised in the course of the thirteenth century (St Albert the Great, Robert Grosseteste, Roger Bacon, for example) went largely unheeded. The beaker full of wisdom passed from hand to hand, from master to disciple, no drop being spilt, but equally no drop added.

The reaction was inevitable, militating against the cultivation of speculative theology in favour of other methods that proved more fruitful. Leo XIII could have helped by promoting positive scriptural studies and patristics in conjunction with the revival of Thomism; he did not, and the Roman Catholic world has taken considerable time to recover from the effects of that oversight: in the field of exegesis Catholic is only now overtaking Protestant scholarship. When one takes into consideration that St Thomas was way ahead of his time in insisting on accurate translations from the Greek, in stimulating the wisdom of pagan and Christian antiquity and using in the construction of his admirable synthesis of Christian theology, the oversight appears all the more surprising. In his own day St Thomas was the great innovator.

The *Summa* is a tripartite work, containing 512 questions, subdivided into 2,669 articles, each article in scholastic form with objections, reasons pro, the master's solution of the problem under discussion, followed by his answers to the objections. There are about 10,000 objections in all. The *prima pars* treats of the nature of sacred doctrine or theology, of the knowability, existence (the Five Ways), nature, attributes and life of God, One and Three, of the creation of the angels, of the world and of man, of divine providence and world order. The *prima pars* covers volumes 1-15 in the edition under discussion. The *secunda pars* is subdivided into *prima secundae* and *secunda secundae*. The *prima secundae* deals with man's nature and destiny and includes rational (as opposed to experimentally psychology, principles of morality, sin and its effects, law and political theory, divine grace. The *prima secundae* takes up volume 16-30 of the edition. The *secunda secundae* deals with the virtues of rational creatures to their Creator by the practice of the theological virtues of faith, hope and charity (volumes 31-35) and of the moral virtues of prudence, justice, courage and temperance (volumes 36-44); it deals also with the charismata of the Christian life (volume 45), with the relative merits of the active and contemplative life (volume 46) and with what Aquinas calls "the states of perfection", i.e. the pastoral and religious lives (volume 47). The remaining volumes of the series (48-60) are devoted to the *tertia pars* which was left unfinished by the great master. It deals with Christ (volumes 48-55) and with the sacraments (Baptism, Confirmation, Eucharist, Penance) up to the ninetieth question, article 4 (volumes 56-60).

While he was celebrating Mass on the feast of St Nicholas, December 6, 1273, St Thomas fell into a trance and was vouchsafed a foretaste of Paradise. On returning to himself, he resolutely refused to continue the dictation of his *chef d'oeuvre*, dismissing all that he had written as so much chaff. It was left to his friend and faithful companion, Raynald of Pinero, to complete the *tertia pars* in what has been known as the *Supplementum*, not included in this latest edition but available in a previous literal translation of the *Summa* by the fathers of the English Dominican Province (1920). The supplement completed the section on the sacraments and added the treatise on the Last Things (the resurrection of the dead, judgment, punishment and glory).

The *secunda pars* has very justly been called the unsurpassed tribute to the genius of St Thomas. In the *prima secundae* (from question 106 to question 108, Volume 30) we have the keystone of the whole theology of the Angelic Doctor. If we can joyfully hope to return to the Father, it is only because "God's love has been poured into our hearts through the Holy Spirit who has been given to us" (Romans v, 5). Unlike Joachim of Flora and his followers, Thomas does not look forward to a new era when there will come a fuller outpouring of the Spirit; the age of the Spirit began definitively with the first Pentecost, although through history, as Thomas admits, the grace of the Spirit is received to a greater or lesser degree in accordance with the diversity of persons, times and places.

In the ecclesial context of spiritual enthusiasm, nourished by the charismatic power of St Dominic and St Francis, in which Aquinas lived and worked, it is not surprising that he identifies explicitly the New Law as consisting principally in the grace of the Holy Spirit given to Christ's faithful as the constituent principle of their moral lives. The law of Christ is thus a law of grace, a law of perfect freedom, a law of love, written not on tablets of stone but in the hearts of Christians just as the Lord had promised Jeremiah (Jeremiah xxxi, 33), and in his exposition of the text Thomas incorporates a tradition that goes back, through St Augustine, to St Paul. It must be observed, regrettably, that on this point the Angelic Doctor has had no following, to speak of among Catholic theologians (cf, Volume 36, appendix 1).

One of the most praiseworthy features of the new translations is the number and high quality of the aids provided for readers, aids that will prove invaluable for those not versed in scholastic method and terminology. It would have been unrealistic to expect twentieth-century readers whose mother tongue is English to relish the dry, stereotyped dialectic, vocabulary and style of scholastic exposition without some sort of initiation.

This is proved at to some extent by the introduction and appendixes to be found in the various volumes. Those in the first volume, contributed by the general editor, the late Dr Thomas Gilbey, OP, who was responsible for the translation of thirteen of the sixty volumes, merit special mention as they are a *sine qua non* for an insight into the *Summa* as a whole and for situating the various treatises, in the appendixes, he deals with the structure, method, style and tempo of the *Summa*, the meaning of *sacra doctrina*, theology as a science, revelation, natural and supernatural, doctrinal development, the dialectic of love, the *Summa* and the Bible, the senses of scripture and biblical inspiration. It should be noted however that recent scholarship, without having reached any widely accepted solution, is not in favour of a Platonic *exitus-reditus* conception of the plan of the *Summa*, the *prima pars* describing the *exitus* or procession of creatures from the Creator, the other two parts the return or *reditus* and the means of its achievement. The "grand Platonic sweep of the whole work" theory has to be abandoned.

Each volume is also provided with copious explanatory notes and with a glossary giving the meaning of the more technical terms occurring in the text. An added bonus is the complete Latin text of the *Summa*, the best available in the judgment of the editors of the individual volumes, which accompanies the translation on the opposite page so as to enable the reader with even "a smattering of Latin" to compare the two and form his own opinion as to the accuracy of the English version. Important variants are indicated in notes at the bottom of the pages of the Latin text. It is a pity that so many printer's errors escaped the attention of the proofreaders. Those that occur in the translation will easily be detected by the alert reader but those in the Latin text will be detected only by those who are at home in scholastic Latin.

In spite of these essential aids, and although in the intention of its author the *Summa* is pedagogically directed to beginners, it does not make easy reading, no matter how perfect the translation. Those for whom it was originally written would have been well grounded in almost the whole corpus of Aristotle's writings. In St Thomas they had the most illustrious of Aristotle's commentators, whose grasp of the fundamental principles of Aristotelian philosophy remains unsurpassed. His masterly application of these principles in the construction of his theological synthesis is what gives his theology its unyielding firmness and stability. However, much as it may be regretted, it is undoubtedly the case that few present-day students, even in Catholic seminaries, are equipped to read and understand the *Summa* in Latin or in translation.

Worthwhile translation entails labour, insight and comprehension, complete mastery of the languages concerned. Only someone who has tried at one time or another to translate into English a substantial portion of one of the treatises of the great masters of the scholastic period will appreciate the difficulty of translating a compact, systematic work, like the *Summa* into a commonplace language like English. One man wrote the *Summa*; hence its unity and harmony. About twenty people have collaborated in this English translation; hence inevitably and inconsistency in the finished product. Since a good translation should aim at being as rigorously faithful as possible to the author's intention, the general policy of the editors to avoid paraphrase and to make the English correspond paragraph by paragraph and almost always sentence by sentence to the Latin (printed on the opposite page) was sound.

Given this, however, there is a great deal to be said in favour of ruminating over the text and transferring the thought from Latin into idiomatic English. This would of course take a great deal longer and might not inspire confidence in the objectivity of the rendering. In fact, the introduction to volume 20 highlights this difficulty; it seems to exaggerate the poverty of mediaeval Latin and to over-emphasize the differences between "the passional and emotional lives" of mediaevals and ourselves. St Thomas would certainly have been surprised to learn that part of his task was "to classify emotion-words" no matter how commonplace this might appear to some of our contemporary British philosophers. In an English translation of the *Summa*, "appetite" and "apprehension" are better adapted than "orexis" and "cognitive" to translate *appetitus* and *apprehensio* respectively, even at the risk of proving irksome by having to refer the reader to a footnote.

What role has the *Summa* to play in the crisis in which modern theologies find themselves? To judge by the output of scholastic literature over the past two or three decades, one scarcely anticipated and, in some quarters, unwelcome result of the movement for *aggiornamento* fostered by Pope John XXIII has been a marked decline of interest in scholasticism generally and, more surprisingly, in the study of the writings of St Thomas. Leo XIII had given his teaching pride of place in all Catholic educational establishments

is the promulgation of the encyclical letter *Aeterni Patris*. The academic of rationality covering all aspects of the teaching of the Angelic Doctor has witness to the effectiveness of Leo's initiative. In his decree on "Priestly Formation", the Second Vatican Council mentions only "the perennially valid philosophical heritage" without referring to authorities of any kind, though St Thomas is mentioned in connection with dogmatic theology when reference is made to the theological disciplines.

This change of emphasis is due, to some extent at least, to the concern shown by contemporary thinkers for the historical dimension of human existence and achievement and to their reluctance to admit the possibility of any timeless, transcendent or immobile theological synthesis. Seven centuries almost, they remind us, separate us from the thirteenth century in the interval the European mind has grown to maturity through a series of cataclysmic political, intellectual and moral upheavals that place an insurmountable barrier between twentieth-century culture and that of the thirteenth century. The medieval *Weltanschauung* is as irretrievably past as is the Ptolemaic astronomy or Aristotelian physics. Given this social and cultural transformation, there is no turning back. This does not imply a begira from the Stagira or from St Thomas; it is not an attempt at philosophical or theological detachment. But only those insights that survive the rigorous critical scrutiny are worthy of retention. There a great deal of work still remains to be done before any widely agreed results can be expected. Theology must profit by every advance in historical-critical treatment and understanding of the Scriptures, the liturgies and traditions which never cease to inform and ailment theological science.

George Tyrell wrote in *Medievalism*:

> But the Modernist is a Catholic with a difference. What is this difference? The difference is that whereas the Medievalist regards the expression of Catholicism, formed by the synthesis between faith and the general culture of the thirteenth century, as primitive and as practically final and exhaustive, the Modernist denies the possibility of such finality and holds that the task is unending because the process of culture is unending.

The race of Medievalists referred to by Tyrell is now happily extinct. Secure in the conviction that truth cannot contradict truth, the theologian must press all science into the service of theology. This may lead him to abandon the letter of St Thomas here and there but he can take courage from the fact that he is being faithful to the spirit of the great Doctor.

Essentially Puritan

By Claire Cross

R. BUICK KNOX (Editor) :
Reformation Conformity and Dissent
Essays in honour of Dr Geoffrey Nuttall
302pp. Epworth Press. £8.50.

There can be few scholars in the field of seventeenth-century Church history who have not at some time turned for advice to the Reverend Geoffrey Nuttall and received abundantly both of his time and his deep learning. These essays reveal the respect and affection in which he is held by his fellow historians.

Besides a tribute by John Huxtable and a bibliography of Dr Nuttall's works, this book contains twelve essays which reflect both his theological and historical interests. Richard L. Greaves, when attempting to define the nature of the Puritan tradition, contends that "the essence of Puritanism is not to be found in matters of polity, theological dogma, principles of authority, or class orientation, but . . . in the deeply spiritual experience which Puritans and many sectaries shared and recognised in others"; and several contributions directly amplify this theme.

Emphasizing the sense of joy in Puritan spirituality Gordon Rupp draws attention to the "devotion of rapture" which remained an ever-present reality in English Puritanism. R. Tudor Jones compares the piety of two mid-seventeenth-century Welsh Puritans, the millenarian Vavasour Powell and, at least to English readers, the much less well-known mystic, Morgan Llwyd. J. van den Berg describes how attractive initially in 1660 the teaching of an English Quaker missionary on the inner light seemed to a Dutch minister, Petrus Serrarius, even though he later came to accuse him of exalting the Spirit above the Scriptures. In a critical examination of some working papers of Jonathan Edwards, J. F. Wilson sees the New England theologian as a direct heir of seventeenth-century Puritan tradition.

This same desire to give the central matters of religion their proper due inspires the essay of A. G. Dickens, who believes that Johannes Sleidan, the sixteenth-century Protestant historian, with his concentration upon the political causes of the Reformation to the virtual exclusion of theological and religious motives, began a trend which has persisted almost until the present day. Owen Chadwick shows how a systematic study of the Bible led the Elector Palatine, Frederick III, to prefer Reformed to Lutheran theologians and so to allow the transformation of his new territory into a Calvinist state which had lasting consequences for the future history of Germany.

In England, and on a much smaller scale, Patrick Collinson explores a similar alliance between magistrates and ministers to implant a living Protestantism in the areas of Suffolk in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. B. R. White reconsiders the career of the pastor Henry Jessey, and stresses not only his activities in keeping friendly links between "open communion" Calvinist Baptist and Independent churches during the Civil War and Interregnum but also his willingness to accept the political limitations of the Protectorate. In an illuminating survey of the practice of occasional conformity during the course of the seventeenth century Christopher Hill adds his warning against reading hard and fast divisions between moderate Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Independents, and Calvinist Baptists back into the Commonwealth when for many some sort of loosely defined, national church still appeared both possible and desirable. The editor of the volume looks for common theological attitudes in the printed sermons of seventeenth-century English bishops. Basil Hall writes of Daniel Defoe's admiration for the Church of Scotland when seen north by Harley to further the union of the two kingdoms.

These essays are very varied, but they include much of value for all concerned with religious history in the early modern period, and, as is fitting, accord well with the sympathies of the scholar for whom the festschrift is designed.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

THE WELLCOME TRUST

History of Medicine Fellowships

The Wellcome Trust provides grants for research in the history of medicine and maintains Wellcome Units for the History of Medicine in the Universities of London, Oxford and Cambridge, as well as the Wellcome Institute for the History of Medicine in London.

Applications are invited for research fellowships of up to three years, to be held in the Wellcome Units or the Wellcome Institute. Applicants must hold a doctoral degree or an equivalent qualification and have a background in history, science or medicine. Applicants should write in the first instance, outlining their research proposals and enclosing their curriculum vitae, to the Director of the Unit in which they wish to work. The addresses of the Units are as follows, and letters should arrive not later than 20th March:

The Wellcome Institute for the History of Medicine, 183 Euston Road, London NW1 2BP.

Wellcome Unit for the History of Medicine, 47 Banbury Road, Oxford OX2 6PE.

Unit for the History of Medicine, University College London, Gower Street, London WC1E 6BT.

Wellcome Unit for the History of Medicine, Free School Lane, Cambridge CB2 3RH.

If the application is accepted by the academic Unit concerned, it will then be forwarded to the Wellcome Trust for a decision on whether a fellowship can be awarded.

DIRECTOR
Of Central Library Services and Goldsmiths' Librarian

The Senate invites applications for the post of Director of Central Library Services and Goldsmiths' Librarian which becomes vacant on August 1, 1978, on the retirement of Mr Kenneth Garside.

The Director is responsible under the Library Resources Coordinating Committee of the Senate for the administration of the University of London Library, the Depository Library and the Extra-Mural Library, and for the development of the Committee's other work. This Committee was set up in pursuance of the recommendations of the Report of the Committee on Library Resources of the University of London, 1971, to develop coordination between the many libraries of the University and such new computerized and other central services as are found to be appropriate.

Applicants must have a wide experience of library and information work at a high level and possess good academic and professional qualifications. The successful candidate would be expected to warrant a salary of not less than £10,000 including London Allowance.

Further particulars available from the Personnel Officer, Senate House, Malet Street WC1E 7HU (telephone 01-636 8000, extension 15), by whom applications, together with the names and addresses of three referees, should be received not later than March 17, 1978.

University of London

LASER

London and South Eastern Library Region

PROJECT INVESTIGATOR

for one year

EXTRA-MARC (EMMA) STUDY

To work on and co-ordinate a study financed by the British Library Research & Development Dept., of cataloguing input of titles not processed by the British Library and related MARC services.

Salary Scale: APV £3,825-£4,095 plus London Weighting (£435) Salary Supplement £312 and £208.56 earnings supplement. Local Government Conditions of Service.

Further details and applications to:
Director, LASER, 33/34 Allred Place, London, WC1E 7DP, by February 21st, 1978.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, CORK, IRELAND
THE LIBRARY

VACANCY FOR SUB-LIBRARIAN

Applications are invited for the above pensionable post. A large central library is in course of consolidation and computer-based systems linked with MARC records and BLAISE have been introduced. One or two appointments may be made.

QUALIFICATIONS:
A University degree and a recognised qualification in librarianship are essential.
The appointee(s) will work in the area of LIBRARY TECHNICAL SERVICES and an indication of management ability, together with knowledge of computer applications to library systems, will be particularly relevant.

SALARY SCALE:
£6,141 x 5 — £7,340, plus children's allowance.
For application form and further details, please send a postcard to:—
Establishment Officer,
University College,
CORK,
Ireland.

Closing date for completed applications: Monday, 6th March, 1978.

EAST LOTHIAN DISTRICT COUNCIL

Department of Leisure, Recreation and Tourism

ASSISTANT DISTRICT LIBRARIAN

Salary APV, £4,545 to £4,998, plus approximately £520 supplements.

Applications are invited for the above post within the Department's Libraries, Museums and Arts Division.

The successful candidate will be involved primarily in [illegible] but will be expected to play a part in the library service [illegible] of the Division's activities.

The successful candidate will be involved primarily in [illegible] the library service, [illegible] the library service, and in the wider spectrum [illegible] and Librarians with experience in a responsible position in [illegible] the library service, and [illegible] popular with a lively interest in the cultural field. [illegible] Persis[illegible]

Assistance with housing may be available in particular circumstances.

Applications in writing, including names and addresses of two referees, should reach the District Librarian, Library Headquarters, Victoria Road, Haddington by February 28, 1978.

WELLCOME INSTITUTE FOR THE HISTORY OF MEDICINE

Curator of Oriental Books and Manuscripts

Applications are invited for this post in the Library which will become vacant in September, 1978.

Candidates should be graduates with professional library qualifications and a knowledge of at least one oriental language. Starting salary will be at a point within the University Lecturers' Scale plus London Weighting.

Contributory pension scheme and canteen facilities are available.

Applications, giving full personal details and the names of two referees, must be received by the Secretary, Wellcome Institute for the History of Medicine, 183 Euston Road, London NW1 2BP, not later than 10th March, 1978.

Leicestershire

LIBRARIAN: AP4
WORK WITH CHILDREN AND OTHER YOUNG PEOPLE

We are looking for a librarian to take responsibility in a team situation for planning, co-ordinating and providing services to young people in an area with a population of 80,000, based at Loughborough.

This is a challenging job and applications are invited from chartered librarians with enthusiasm and a commitment for the community approach to librarianship.

Salary: Grade APT (£3,366-£3,702 plus pay supplements of between £496-£913).

Application form and further details from County Librarian, Thomas Tomkys, 2 Navigation Street, Leicester LE1 3TZ, telephone Leicester 538821, ext. 26.

Closing date for applications 24th February, 1978.

Libraries and Information

METROPOLITAN BOROUGH OF TRAFFORD
LIBRARIES DEPARTMENT

ASSISTANT BOROUGH LIBRARIAN

PO1 (1-5), £5,209 to £5,770, including Supplements

This is a second-tier post with responsibility for staff development and training. The successful applicant will also be a member of the Departmental Management Team and will be expected to participate fully in the management and organization of a department consisting of 23 service points grouped into four divisions, with a total staff of 161.

Applicants must be Chartered Librarians with considerable experience in public libraries at a senior management level. Personnel experience and/or qualification may be an advantage.

Application forms and further information from Borough Librarian, Birch House, Talbot Road, Old Trafford, Manchester M16 0GH (telephone 061-872 8133, extension 237), to whom completed forms should be returned by February 17.

Telford
Your Opportunity

TELFORD DEVELOPMENT CORPORATION

LIBRARIAN
(£4,395—£5,406) PLUS £520 p.a. SUPP[illegible]

The Library serves all departments of the [illegible] and application [illegible] from Chartered Librarians invited for the above post. The person appo[illegible] responsible for the day to day organisation [illegible] and the post offers an opportunity to display [illegible] innovation in the provision of a comprehe[illegible] tion service to all departments.

Application forms returnable by 24th February, [illegible] further details of the post are available [illegible] Secretary, Telford Development Corporation, [illegible] Hall, Telford, Salop.

THE POLYTECHNIC, HUDDERS[illegible]

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN
(Librarian Grade) £2,569-£3,774 Inclu[illegible]
NT 254

Applications are invited from Chartered Lib[illegible] those who have completed professional [illegible] Library services are being extended and de[illegible] some experience or interest in mechan[illegible] would be an advantage. Minimum salary [illegible] Chartered Librarians £3 936.

Application forms, available from the E[illegible] Officer, Huddersfield Polytechnic, Queensgate, [illegible] HD1 3DH, telephone Huddersfield 22[illegible] should be returned by 24 February, 1978.

LIBRARIAN AND INFORMATION OFFI[illegible]

[illegible] details of this post and an application [illegible] Bank Research Organisation, [illegible] or telephone 01 828 3[illegible]

[illegible] Director, Wall, London [illegible] reference numb[illegible]

[illegible]LLEGE OF EDUC[illegible]
[illegible]nt Librar[illegible]

[illegible] qualified Lib[illegible] Lamont [illegible] be considered [illegible] in general [illegible] applicants [illegible]

[illegible] £3 262 plus [illegible] [illegible] Education, Gra[illegible] [illegible] returned by the [illegible]

DUNDEE CO[illegible]
Assistan[illegible]

Applications are invited for a [illegible] above post. Applicants should [illegible] who are also prepared to undertake [illegible] An interest in computerized [illegible] advantageous. [illegible] Education [illegible] The basic salary scale is £5,292 to [illegible] ments to a maximum of £520 per annum. [illegible] For further details and an application form [illegible] Principal, Dundee College of Commerce, [illegible] Broughty Ferry, Dundee DD5 1NW [illegible] Completed forms should be returned [illegible] 1978.

ASSISTANT LIBR[illegible]

Croydon

For a firm of Consulting Engineers [illegible] advantage. An attractive salary is offered [illegible] to age and experience.

Please write or telephone for an application [illegible] ing reference 121 to: Associate for Personnel [illegible] & Anderson Holdings, 20-26 Wellesley Road, [illegible] Surrey CR9 2UL. Telephone: 01-686 5041.

ASSISTANT LIBRARIA[illegible]
and a
LIBRARY CLERK

A leading firm of chartered [illegible] an assistant librarian who will be responsible for [illegible] ing and circulating of periodicals and the [illegible] and binding of back [illegible]

Duties will also include [illegible] of routine but demanding [illegible] affairs, together with the ability to work [illegible] is essential. The ideal candidate will [illegible] to attend library school.

The Library Clerk will be expected to [illegible] the above duties. This is a suitable [illegible] person dedicated to "the" level standard and [illegible] career opening.

Please apply to:
Mrs. L. Marshall
Peat Marwick Mitchell & Co.,
1 Puddle Dock, Blackfriars,
London, E.C.4.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

[illegible]ea BRIDGEND EDUCATION AUTHORITY

Librarians

[illegible]pplications are invited from Chartered Librarians for the [illegible]owing posts:—

[illegible]ibrarian III Upper

[illegible]ary scale: £3,878.80-£5,561.80, inclusive of London Weight[illegible] and the Phase I and II supplements.

[illegible]ntre for Learning Resources
[illegible] Kennington Lane, SE11 5QZ

[illegible]ibrarian III

[illegible]ary scale: £3,878.80-£4,745.80, inclusive of London Weight[illegible] and the Phase I and II supplements.

[illegible]ne Newton School
[illegible]rmington Road, W10 5QU
[illegible]nington School
[illegible]mont Road, Myatts Fields, SE5 9RF
[illegible]ton House School
[illegible]merton Row, E9 6SB

Application forms and further details from the Education Officer, BOJESTAR 3A/11/LB, Room 367, The County Hall, LONDON SE1 7PB. Please enclose a large stamped addressed envelope for reply.
Completed forms to be returned not later than Friday, 24th February, 1978.

The British Council

OVERSEAS CAREER SERVICE

The British Council, which has a responsibility for Britain's cultural and educational relations overseas, will have some vacancies in 1978. Staff can expect to work overseas for much of their careers in some of the 80 countries where the Council is represented.

Staff joining the Overseas Career Service bring with them a wide variety of skills and experience and appointments are made with a view to eventual transfer to non-specialist managerial posts; promotion is on merit. The Council has a continuing need for a proportion of new staff with qualifications and experience in librarianship, as well as in the other specialist subjects of interest to the Council: science, engineering and English language teaching for example.

We should like to hear from you if you have a postgraduate qualification in librarianship and not less than five years post-qualification experience. Fluent French or knowledge of a hard language, Arabic for example, will be advantages, but an essential requirement is personal and managerial qualities which overseas representation demands.

Recently, most successful candidates for the Overseas Career Service have been 26 and 32 years of age: older candidates up to 40 will be considered if their experience is particularly relevant.

The initial salary is in the region of £4,900, possibly higher for particularly well-qualified candidates, and terms and conditions of service are in line with those of comparable organisations in the public sector: free accommodation and overseas allowances, including children's education allowances, are provided while overseas.

For further details and an application form, please write or telephone quoting (C6), to Staff Recruitment Department, The British Council, 55 Davies Street, London W1Y 2AA, telephone 01-499 8011, ext. 3041.

Divisional Librarian
North East Essex

PO2 (a) £5,689 to £6,564 plus phases 1 and 2

Applications are invited from suitably qualified librarians for the post of Divisional Librarian: North East Essex.

A major re-organization of the County Library Service is in progress and this post is one of five new posts of Divisional Librarian which have been established. The Division is centred on Colchester, where a new library is nearing completion, and consists of two Area Teams, one based at Colchester and the other at Clacton.

The successful candidate will be responsible for the development of services within the division under the general direction of the Senior Management Team.

Further details are available from Barry Langton, County Librarian, County Library, Goldlay Gardens, Chelmsford, Essex, to whom applications should be sent, with the names of two referees by Monday, 27th February, 1978.

Essex County Council

FALKIRK DISTRICT COUNCIL
DEPARTMENT OF LIBRARIES AND MUSEUMS

Depute Librarian Bo'ness Library
Depute Librarian Denny Library

£3,087-£3,678 plus Phase II supplement of 5 per cent

Applications are invited for the above posts with a progressive library authority.

The District is a growth area and its unique situation offers immediate access to a wide range of leisure and recreational facilities.

A 35 hour week is worked with enhanced payment for working alternate Saturdays. Consideration will be given to the provision of housing facilities and removal expenses.

Application forms and Job Descriptions are available from the Personnel Section, Falkirk District Council, Municipal Buildings, Falkirk, to whom application forms must be returned on or before Friday, 24th February, 1978.

James P. H. Paton,
Chief Executive Officer.

TUFTS UNIVERSITY
Medford, Massachusetts

Applications are invited for the post of

DIRECTOR OF TUFTS IN LONDON

an Aug.-May academic programme for third-year American university students.

Applicants must have a knowledge and understanding of the Arts, especially Drama, of English literature and the Social Sciences. Candidates must have an advanced degree from an accredited British or American university and some familiarity with American university procedures and American higher education. Salary paid in American dollars to be negotiated, minimum $12,000. Please send curriculum vitae to Dr. Sherwood Collins, 14-42 Stevenage Gardens, London, S.W.7. Closing date February 20.

LIBRARIANS

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

CHARTERED LIBRARIAN to share duties with another part-time person in private medical research institute. Possibility of shared appointment with GUARDS CROSS HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL. Hours by arrangement.

Starting hours under review. £1,600 currently under review. London University conditions of employment.

Apply in writing to: Secretary, Kenbody Institute of Rheumatology, 1[illegible] Hammersmith, W.6. Tel.: 741 [illegible]

BBC

requires

SENIOR LIBRARY CLERK

for the Music Desk in the Central Reference Library at Broadcasting House. Duties include the supervision of a small team of staff, the receipt of books other than by routines and the general upkeep of stock. Basic knowledge of library routines essential: tactful dealing and the ability to handle a wide range of users—this is an interesting post for girls or young men with some experience in a public service library.

The BBC offers good prospects with competitive advancement, £[illegible] salary within the range £[illegible] rising by annual increments of £[illegible] to a maximum of £[illegible] per annum inclusive.

Please write or telephone to BBC Appointments Department, 1 Portland Place, London W1A 1AA. Ref. 3[illegible]. Ext. 3813, quoting 78/SC/92/TLS.

THE UNIVERSITY OF HULL
INSTITUTE OF INDUSTRIAL LIBRARY

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN with responsibilities initially in the Institute of Industrial Relations Library.

Salary will be on the Grade IIA1 scale for Senior Library Staff £3,535 to £3,867 per annum (under review) with the possibility of promotion to Grade IIB.

Applicants giving details of age, qualifications and experience, together with the names of two referees should be sent by February 24, 1978, to the Personnel Officer, The University of Hull, Hull HU6 7RX, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

[illegible]

UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS
SECTORAL LIBRARY

APPLICATIONS are invited from [illegible] for a post in the Sectoral Library [illegible] Salary is a point on the scale [illegible] £5,424 [illegible] Applications should be addressed to the Sectoral Librarian, Sectoral Library, University of Leeds, Leeds LS2 9JT, quoting reference 2[illegible]. Further particulars are available.

THE UNIVERSITY OF KENT AT CANTERBURY
THE LIBRARY

The University Library wishes to make three trainee appointments, each of one year's duration, to assist those intending to make a career in librarianship. Salary £2,[illegible]

Application forms (returnable by March 1st, 1978) and further particulars can be obtained from The Librarian, The Library, University of Kent, Canterbury, Kent. Ref. L/78/1.

LIBRARY ASSISTANT

[illegible] required for [illegible] in the Board's central library which serves the Board's members, employees and agencies in Industry and is part of the Central Information Services.

Opportunity will be given to the successful applicant to gain experience in all aspects of special library work.

Applicants should have a good educational background and [illegible] ability and [illegible] some previous experience of this type of work would be an advantage.

Applications stating full relevant details and present salary to the Group Personnel Officer, Central Electricity Generating Board, Sudbury House, 15, Newgate Street, London EC1A 7AU, by 17 February, 1978. Quote reference T137/36.

LONDON BOROUGH OF HAMMERSMITH
SERVICES
ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

APPS.—£3,965 to £3,717 inclusive (London supplement of £520 p.a. and 5 per cent) (£17.38 per month inclusive).

The minimum acceptable qualification is the Part I of the Library Association Professional Examination. For non-chartered Librarians the starting salary is £3,564 with progression beyond £3,867 dependent on becoming Chartered: training to be given under arrangements in relation to register. Chartered Librarians, minimum starting salary £3,867.

Application forms from Assistant Director (Personnel), London Borough of Hammersmith, Town Hall, Hammersmith House (Box Building), Black's Road, W6 9DT, quoting ref. RL/65. Closing date February 21, 1978.

NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY COUNCIL
COUNTY LIBRARY
COUNTY TECHNICAL LIBRARIAN
(Ceasby)

(£4,230 to £4,992 plus salary supplements of £520)

This post has responsibility for supervision of the Reference Information and Technical Service in the County Library. Applicants should be Chartered Librarians with wide experience in relevant fields of librarianship.

Application forms, returnable by 21st February, and further details from the County Librarian, County Library, Central Library, The Willows, Morpeth, NE61 1TA, Northumberland (Tel.: Morpeth 3385, Ext. 344/5).

THE UNIVERSITY OF SHEFFIELD
POSTGRADUATE SCHOOL OF LIBRARIANSHIP

Applications are invited from men and women who are professionally qualified graduates in the humanities with suitable experience, preferably in an academic or reference library. Candidates with an interest should be in bibliography of the humanities. Those with interests in the following additional areas will be given preference: cataloguing, organisation and administration of open-access materials; historical bibliography. Teaching will be expected to be shared.

Initial salary in range £3,535-£6,264 according to qualifications and experience. Scale upon to £6,564 is under consideration.

Applications from the Registrar and Secretary, Western Bank, Sheffield S10 2TN, to whom applications should be addressed by 28 February, quoting ref. R/57/AL.

JUNIOR LIBRARY ASSISTANT

required for various duties in busy Newspaper Library. Some English and Maths and some evening work required. Salary £2,[illegible] p.a. 5 weeks holiday. Applications, in writing, to: Librarian, Economist Newspaper Ltd., 25 St. James's Street, London, SW1A 1HG.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

WORDSWORTH WEEK AT THE ROUND HOUSE
In Aid of the Wordsworth Heritage Appeal

Monday, February 13	8.00 p.m.	Seamus Heaney reads Seamus Heaney.
Tuesday, February 14	6.00 p.m.	Hull Bowling. The distinguished Northern Poet, friend of Yeats and Pound and author of *Briggflatts*, introduces and reads Wordsworth.
	8.00 p.m.	Valentine's Evening with Spike Milligan, Christopher Logue, and Brian Patten.
Wednesday, February 15	8.00 p.m.	A Birth evening: Poems and Songs. With Janet Suzman, Bettina Jonic and Edward Bond. Direction: Gareth Morgan.
Thursday, February 16	6.00 p.m.	Ronald Blythe, author of *Akenfield* and editor of the new Penguin Hardy, reads a selection of Hardy's verse and prose.
	8.00 p.m.	Ted Hughes reads Ted Hughes.
Friday, February 17	8.00 p.m.	'In Cranmer Vale': A dramatic completion, including extracts from the newly-discovered private letters of William and Mary Wordsworth. With Gemma Jones, Jonathan Price and Albion Dance Band. Directed by Michael Bogdanov.
Saturday, February 18	5.10 p.m.	Concert: The Wilko Johnson Band Iron Fist and the Hordes from Hell The Count Bishops Blast Furnace and the Heatwaves

All artists have given their services as a contribution to the Appeal

Tickets: 6 p.m. £1.00 8 p.m. £1.50 Saturday £2.00
Available from The Round House Theatre, Chalk Farm, London. Box Office: 01-267 2564.

If you can, please bring books to be sold on behalf of the Appeal. Books of all kinds will be gratefully received at the Round House where arrangements can also be made for collection.

LIBRARIAN to a firm of civil and structural consulting engineers in central London seeks Assistant [illegible] involved in the day-to-day running of their Technical Library. Interest and enthusiasm more important than previous experience, although this would be a useful asset for a recently qualified person. Typing ability preferred. Starting salary £2,000. Please telephone 01-437 6176 for application form.

PUBLIC & UNIVERSITY

UNIVERSITY OF BRISTOL
DEPARTMENT OF THEOLOGY AND RELIGIOUS STUDIES
Session 1978/79
DIPLOMA IN THEOLOGY
1978-79

APPLICATIONS are invited for the above one-year postgraduate course. The intention is to permit graduates in subjects other than theology to undertake a concentrated course at graduate level of study so that they are sufficiently equipped to do further study in the theological field. Courses may be taken in Biblical Studies, Religious History and Theology, The Philosophy of Religion, and Ethics, or the Study of Religion. Examination is by written papers and an extended essay.

Qualification: Honours Degree or its equivalent in any subject other than Theology.

Final date for application: 30th June 1978.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON
INSTITUTE OF HISTORICAL RESEARCH

RESEARCH FELLOWSHIPS, 1978-79, value £1,850, will be awarded to graduates in History of London or other Universities.

Entry forms (returnable by 1 April) from the Secretary, Institute of Historical Research, University of London, Senate House, London WC1E 7HU.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

Applications are invited for a Junior appointment on a one-year contract beginning July 1, 1978.

Applicants should address communications jointly to Milton Wilson, chairman, Department of English, University of Toronto, Canada.

ARCHIVISTS

CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY
ASSISTANT ARCHIVIST

This is a two-year appointment to help dig out, organize, and catalogue the backlog of deposited papers and dealing with accessions of the official archives (C.M.S. founded in 1799) the person appointed would also be expected to assist in the day-to-day running of the office.

Applicants should have a Diploma in Archive Administration or similar qualification. Previous experience would be desirable, though not essential and should be personal applying for the Diploma may apply.

Girls must could also be suitable for a newly-retired archivist and be such a person. Required a part-time—rather than full-time—appointment might be arranged (with commensurate salary).

Salary: £2,[illegible] to £3,400 per annum.

Details and application from Personnel Manager, Kingsway House, 157 Waterloo Road, London, SE1 8UG (Tel. 01-928 8681). Closing date for receipt of completed forms: February 27, 1978.

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ARTS THEATRE, 836 3334, off Leicester Sq., Tom Stoppard's "Dirty Linen" Mon.-Thurs., 8.30, Fri.-Sat., 7 and 9.15. "The handiest 85 miles in the West End."

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CATALOGUES

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COURSES

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FOR SALE & WANTED

"ENGLISH and Scottish Wrought Ironwork", 1st, Bailey Scott Murray, 1905, Nelson's Lantern Glass Caricatures Dickens, George Routh and John Doyle (H.B.), The Dramatick Works of Beaumont and Fletcher (with original engravings, 3rd edition, 10 vols., 1778 (Sawle reprinting), Officers of the Navy, Gerald Vere, Tilbury at Bristol.

URGENTLY required: Historical Journal, Journal of Development Studies, Sociology, Government and Opposition, Political Science Abstracts, Parliamentary Affairs, International Organization, Journal of Industrial Relations, Accountancy, Magazine of Banking, Rise of Modern Industry, Economic Journal, Political Quarterly, Population Studies, Historical Abstracts, European Journal of Marketing and Banking Journal. Sedford Neilson, 4 Mansfield Street, London W.C.1. 01-636 8[illegible].

WANTED, 100 Years of Punch [illegible] Vol. 1, Vol. 2, Vol. 3, Vol. 4, Vol. 5, Vol. 6, Vol. 7, Vol. 8, Vol. 9, Vol. 10, Vol. 11, Vol. 12, Vol. 13, Vol. 14, Vol. 15, Vol. 16, Vol. 17, Vol. 18, Vol. 19, Vol. 20, Vol. 21, Vol. 22, Vol. 23, Vol. 24, Vol. 25, Vol. 26, Vol. 27, Vol. 28, Vol. 29, Vol. 30, Vol. 31, Vol. 32, Vol. 33, Vol. 34, Vol. 35, Vol. 36, Vol. 37, Vol. 38, Vol. 39, Vol. 40, Vol. 41, Vol. 42, Vol. 43, Vol. 44, Vol. 45, Vol. 46, Vol. 47, Vol. 48, Vol. 49, Vol. 50, Vol. 51, Vol. 52, Vol. 53, Vol. 54, Vol. 55, Vol. 56, Vol. 57, Vol. 58, Vol. 59, Vol. 60, Vol. 61, Vol. 62, Vol. 63, Vol. 64, Vol. 65, Vol. 66, Vol. 67, Vol. 68, Vol. 69, Vol. 70, Vol. 71, Vol. 72, Vol. 73, Vol. 74, Vol. 75, Vol. 76, Vol. 77, Vol. 78, Vol. 79, Vol. 80, Vol. 81, Vol. 82, Vol. 83, Vol. 84, Vol. 85, Vol. 86, Vol. 87, Vol. 88, Vol. 89, Vol. 90, Vol. 91, Vol. 92, Vol. 93, Vol. 94, Vol. 95, Vol. 96, Vol. 97, Vol. 98, Vol. 99, Vol. 100. Offers to Dr. Sutherland, Dorsetshire.